

REPARATIONS.

fall's business. Such an
ment of "high class cloth-
Everything from the
ting demands of even-
s, to the wear resisting
of business use. All the
gs in single and double-
sack Suits, and "Regent"
s. Cut and tailored in the
anner which has made o
ing so popular.

Boys' and Children's De-
Clothing for the little
from the "rough and
school suits TO THE
DRESSY DESIGNS.

SCH BROTHERS
44 Whitehall.

UTCHER, President.
BACH, Secretary and Treasurer.
SPACH, O. WINGATE, Vice
ANTA PLUMBING COMPANY
Phone 122.
of Plumbing, Steam and Gas
fitting.
Lloyd Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Jewelry.

Designs in

Pins,
nts,

ins,
Boxes, Etc.

RKELE,

REET.

s, Traveling Bags.
Sample Cases.

ourist's Outfits.

largest assortment at the
prices.
All line Pocket Books, Card
Toilet Cases, Collar and
Portfolios, Tool Bags, Etc.

MANN & KAUFMAN,
92 and 94 Whitehall St.

and Valise Repairing.
one 1937, 2 Calls

ght Iron Pipe
FITTINGS

AND
ASSGOODS
FOR

IES!

and Woolen Mills,
Railroads, Quarries,
t of new and sec

SUPPLY CO.

GA

YS

SELL ALL STANDARD

DICINES

CES!

all sell goods at a

promptly delivered by my
ycle Messengers.

PART I. THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. 1912

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

VOL. XXVII

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SILKS. SILKS.

Here we display all the creations
of the weaver's art. Goods bought
at prices that will insure a big sav-
ing to you.

AT 59c 48 pieces colored Satin Radamas,
all Silk, old tariff price \$1.

AT \$1. 27 pieces fancy figured and striped
Taffetas, all the popular shading,
very stylish for waists and skirts, old tariff
price \$1.50.

AT 49c A lot of colored figured Taffetas,
new and novel styles and color-
ings, formerly sold at 75c.

SEE! 39c 100 pieces Silk Velvets, all
the new light and dark shades;
the Wilson bill scared the importer; the
price was \$1, now we have them here at 39c.

Hosiery Department.



Owing to the
reduction on
the tariff on
these goods,
we can offer
you—

145 doz. Lad-
ies' Good
quality Lisle
thread hose,
Herm sdorf
black, at
25c pair.

150 doz. Ladies' medium weight
Cotton hose, double soles, heels
and toes. The 3 for one dollar
quality at

25c or 6 for \$1.35

75 doz. Boys' Extra long fast
black hose at..... **12 1-2c**

250 doz. Gents' Fast black half
hose, double heels and toes, good
quality at **6 pairs for \$1.**

Ask to see our 25c hose for
Misses; large sizes. Are worth
50c, but we sell all sizes at... **25c**

350 pairs Ladies' Pure thread
silk hose; plain black or fancy
ribbed. Worth \$3 a pair.

Our price \$1.80

Specials in Notions.

Just received new and beautiful
line Silk belts and Silver belt
buckles.

8,000 Scratch pads, good paper,
worth from 15c to 25c. To go at
5c each.

1,000 lbs. Irish linen paper,
19c lb.

Envelopes to match, 5c pkg.

Spelling blanks, 2 1/2c.

Exercise books, 2 1/2c.

Automatic Curling irons, 25c pair.

For Amateur Decorators in
China. We have a large stock in
this line at our usual low prices.

Do not pass by the 15c Table.

Here you will find Bargains you
can't let pass by.

A New One. We have arranged
a large Table for Bargains, such as
you never saw. It is all Glass ar-
ticles, worth up to 75c and \$1.00.

All go Monday for 25c.

Cloak Department.



Too early, did
you say? Well,
we offer you
something for
right now!

600 Fine Coat
Jackets, light
weight, just for
early fall wear.
Their value is
from \$8.00 to
\$15.00. The
tariff didn't
have much to
do with this.

The need of the mighty dollar was
the cause. We furnished this, and
secured them, so as to sell them

At \$5.00 each

100 Ladies' Serge Suits, late
style, nothing more serviceable,
ready to wear, and worth \$20.00.

At \$10.00 a Suit

Millinery.
Do you want a nobby felt Hat to
wear, just as a filling in? Well,
we show the correct things, and at
exceptional low prices.

50 doz. Ladies' nobby trimmed
college and promenade Hats, worth
\$1.25.

75c tomorrow

.. WASH GOODS..

New Fall Gingham,
New Outings,
New Satines,

NEW WASH FABRICS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We run out on counter tomorrow 60 pieces Vicuna Cloths, nice for
wrappers and house dresses at only 10c a yard.

Closing out all Summer stuffs at one-half and one-fourth value.

A few more Silk Gingham at 15c, were 50c.

A few more French Gingham at 11c, were 35c.

UMBRELLAS.

3,000 more fine Umbrellas from the bankrupt sale of Umbrella
Trust. We bought them low and intend to give the people bargains.

Fine Silk Umbrellas, worth \$5, at \$3.39.

Fine Silk Umbrellas, worth \$5, at \$2.67.

Taffeta Silk, natural stick Umbrellas at \$2.39, worth \$4.50.

Gloria Silk Umbrellas at 98c, worth \$1.75.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Gents' colored bosom laundered Shirts, worth \$1.50, now 69c.

Fine all Linen lawn puff bosom Shirts, worth \$1, at 39c.

One broken lot Gents' Silk mixed Undershirts and Drawers, worth
\$4 a Suit, now 75c a garment.

Ladies' pure spun Silk Jersey Vests, worth \$1, only 39c.

Black Goods.

Old Tariff Price \$1.10
New Tariff Price 81c

46-inch all wool, silk finish
Black Henrietta, the standard black
dress fabrics for the masses.

Old Tariff Price \$1.10
New Tariff Price 81c

42-inch Black silk warp Hen-
rietta, B. Priestley's make. The
best wearing goods ever on the
market.

Old Tariff Price 90c
New Tariff Price 49c

54-inch all wool Black Serge
suits, Cheviot finish, serviceable,
stylish and popular.

DRESS MAKING:

We have fitted up, on
our second floor, form-
erly the space occupied
by our Cloak Depart-
ment, a Dress-making
Parlor, under the man-
agement of Miss Marie
Barschkies. She will
be ready to take orders
on Monday, Sep. 17th.

Woolen Dress Goods

Here the difference is greater.
It is true the Tariff rate does not
change until January 1st, but thou-
sands of importers who had already
received large shipments were anx-
ious to unload at the new rate,
hence the ready cash secured some
rare bargain winners.

At \$1.00
10 pieces 46-inch imported
Boucle Novelty, newest shading
Under the McKinley act they would
be \$1.75.

At 49c
43 pieces 50-inch English.
Cheviot finish Serges, all shades.
Old price, 85c.

At 49c
60 pieces 40-inch French Mix-
tures, choicest patterns. You have
paid 90c for same.

At 39c
We offer tomorrow 50 pieces
English Cheviots and French Fan-
cies. Truly worth under old Tar-
iff 75c.

At 25c
100 pieces all-wool 36-inch
Storm Serge, new wide wale effects.
Easily worth 50c.

At 69c
20 pieces Reversible and two-
toned Covert cloth, the latest and
most stylish weave for Tailor suits.
Truly worth \$1.25.

J. M. HIGH & CO.

THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION

THE GREAT HUB IN THE

Southern Dry Goods Market!

OUR BUYERS HAVE SHIPPED US

Hundreds of Special Things

BOUGHT UNDER THE NEW TARIFF RATES THIS WEEK.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS

BOYS' CLOTHING.



We Never Do Things by Halves.

This is fully demonstrated by
the

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

**BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING.**

We have in this department on
our balcony. It is quite as large
as any clothing store in the city,
yet it is made up of and comprises
nothing but something for the
boys.



We Open This Department Tomorrow With a Rush.

At 50c. 500 Boys' double and single breasted Suits. 6 to 16 years.
We lose money on them even at \$1.50, yet we intend to
give them away tomorrow at 50c a Suit.

At 25c. 200 pairs Boys' Knee Pants, not all wool, but the work
alone is worth more than this, given away at 25c a pair.

At \$3.49. We will sell tomorrow 276 Boys' all wool Scotch
Cheviot and English Cassimere Suits, 6 to 16, that if
you can match anywhere in the city for less than \$6,
we will give you a Suit.

Crockery Department.

BASEMENT.

**TARIFF
TAKEN OFF.
MONDAY SPECIALS**

50 more English Porcelain Din-
ner Sets, 100 pieces, two colors,
worth \$10.00. They go at \$7.50
the set.

50 56-piece Tea Sets, sold by
small dealers at \$5.00 per set. Will
close them out at \$3.50. A great
bargain.

Just think, a full size half-gallon
Pitcher, half dozen Tumblers to
match, all on a Silvered Tray, worth
\$1.25 for the set. You can buy
them Monday for 69c set.

Our Hotel China Stock now
complete. Write for prices.

We guarantee you money saved
on every article in Crockery and
House Furnishings.



On the basis
of Free Wool,
and still low-
er, watch
these prices:



75c all-wool
extra super
Ingrain Car-
pets, made
and laid, only
60c a yard.

50c full extra super Ingrain at
40c a yard.

Big bargain in Brussels Carpets,
worth 75c a yard. They still go at
50c a yard, made and laid.

500 more of
those large Brus-
sels Rugs, marked
down from \$2.00
to 98c each.

150 pair Che-
ville Portiers,
handsome dado
and fringe top and
bottom, worth \$6.00 a pair. This
week at \$3.68 a pair.

300 pair fine Lace Curtains, full
3 1/2 yards long and 50 inches wide.
Reduced from \$1.75 a pair to
\$1.00 a pair.

100 doz. best quality dado Shades,
7 feet long; were 75c each. This
week only 50c each.

Blankets.



Wool
on
the
Free
List.
Blankets
Away
Down
in
Price.

An Item.

300 pairs all-wool 11-4 Blankets.
Under former circumstances would
be \$5.00. We lead off with them
tomorrow **At \$2.49 pair**

Check Nainsook.

We sell tomorrow 300 yards
White Check Nainsook, worth
12 1/2c. **For 7 1-2c yard**

Striped Dimities.

A case of White Striped Dimi-
ties. Easily worth 25c. Tomorrow
12 1-2c yard

Towels.

100 doz. large size Bleached Cot-
ton Towels, fringed. Quite the
thing now. **Only 10c each**

BASEMENT BARGAINS!!

**Nothing but Bargains Down There
MONDAY.**

2 cases figured Turkey Red Calicoes, 5c.
2 cases figured indigo blue Calicoes, 5c.
1 case standard dress Calicoes, fall styles, 5c.
5,500 yards fancy dress Gingham, new and choice 10c patterns,
down there, 5c.

3,000 yards navy blue ground figured Lawns and Batistes, worth
12 1/2c and 15c, down there at 5c tomorrow.

1 lot col. Lawns, Mulls and Batistes, were 10c, Basement price 2 1/2c

100 pairs large size gray Blankets, Monday 9 to 10 o'clock, at 49c
a pair.

2,000 yards Wamsutta 4-4 Bleaching, in half pieces, the price is
12 1/2c, as you well know, with no tomorrow, 8 1/2c yard.

100 large size Counterpanes, \$1.00 value, Basement price 50c each.

3,000 large size bleached Towels. They are not all-linen, but all-
cotton; very nice; only 5c each.

Embroideries.

1 lot of Mulls Cambric and Swiss Embroideries, worth 35c to 50c,
Monday 15c.

Ribbons.

Big lot Satin Ribbons, Nos. 5, 7, 9 and 12, worth as much as 25c.
Only 5c a yard.

Men's Shoes.

Shoe Talk.



Men's calf Bals, \$1.25, worth
\$2.00.

Men's calf Congress \$1.50, worth
\$2.50.

Men's calf Bals, Goodyear welt,
\$2.00.

Men's Congress cork sole, hand
sewed, \$3.00, worth \$5.00.

**Boys',
Misses'
and
Children's
Shoes.**

Boys' calf Bals, school Shoes, 3
to 5, \$1.00.

Boys' calf Congress, school
Shoes, \$2.00, worth \$3.00.

Misses' Dongola button, spring
heel, 11 to 2, only \$1.00.

Children's Dongola button, spring
heel, patent tip, 50c.



Since the
removal of
our Shoe De-
partment to
the new bal-
cony our
trade has in-
creased 50 per
cent. The
space is just
suited, and we are enabled to carry
a much larger and better selected
stock.



Ladies' Dongola button Boots,
patent tip, **At \$1.00 a pair**

Ladies' cloth top and patent tip
Boots, opera toe and heel, **\$1.25**

Ladies' hand sewed button Boots,
opera and Common Sense, opera
with patent tip, worth \$3.00,

Only \$2.00 a pair

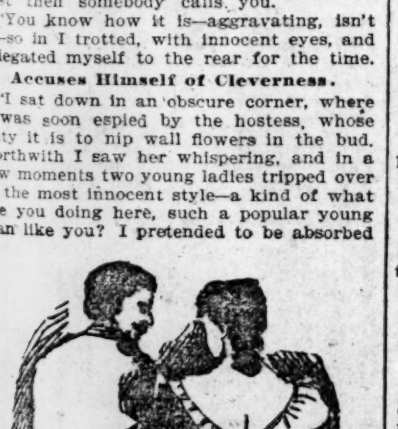
30,000 Feet of floor space, and with
suit tenants. We have persons desiring
to rent three modern residences. House
owners will please see us.

HAYNES & HARWELL.
14 Walton street.

sep 2-1m.

in Its Entirety-It May Prove
of Some Interest.

down stairs—the lights were all turned down to that dim religious pitch, and, I thought, everybody turned in, except myself. As I went down the hall I heard



An illustrated medical treatise on chronic and acute malaria will be sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, O.

great cost, chemists have for centuries been laboring to produce it, yet until within a very few years this most costly of

to be used, and are every whit as good
looking as a button of bone or ivory.
Their cheapness is a great recommenda-
tion, and will no doubt lead to a much lar-

foot. Being cylindrical in shape, they pack much more closely and require much less

malarial and dyspeptic ailments, rheumatism, nervous and kidney complaints, constipation and biliousness. A tablespoon three times a day is about the average.

The Queen of the Flowers

Studio, - - - The Grand.

You need no plethoric purse to buy

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.
Ninety-fourth session begins September 1. Tuition free. Address.

of me--

day school
full corps
Girls taken
Tuition,
sch. from
s M. Win-
anta, Ga.
s. n. n.

ALBERT BROS.

at 44 Decatur Street, Half Block
of the Kimball, with the Fol-
lowing Prices:

| | |
|--|--|
| Best Flour, per bu. | \$1.40 |
| Best Flour, per 50 lbs. | 70c |
| Best Flour, per 25 lbs. | 35c |
| Best Flour, per 10 lbs. | 14c |
| Best Flour, per 5 lbs. | 7c |
| Best Flour, per 2 1/2 lbs. | 3 1/2c |
| Best Flour, per 1 1/4 lbs. | 1 7/8c |
| Best Flour, per 3/4 lb. | 1 1/4c |
| Best Flour, per 1/2 lb. | 9c |
| Best Flour, per 1/4 lb. | 4 1/2c |
| Best Flour, per 1/8 lb. | 2 1/4c |
| Best Flour, per 1/16 lb. | 1 1/8c |
| Best Flour, per 1/32 lb. | 5/16c |
| Best Flour, per 1/64 lb. | 3/16c |
| Best Flour, per 1/128 lb. | 1/8c |
| Best Flour, per 1/256 lb. | 1/16c |
| Best Flour, per 1/512 lb. | 1/32c |
| Best Flour, per 1/1024 lb. | 1/64c |
| Best Flour, per 1/2048 lb. | 1/128c |
| Best Flour, per 1/4096 lb. | 1/256c |
| Best Flour, per 1/8192 lb. | 1/512c |
| Best Flour, per 1/16384 lb. | 1/1024c |
| Best Flour, per 1/32768 lb. | 1/2048c |
| Best Flour, per 1/65536 lb. | 1/4096c |
| Best Flour, per 1/131072 lb. | 1/8192c |
| Best Flour, per 1/262144 lb. | 1/16384c |
| Best Flour, per 1/524288 lb. | 1/32768c |
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| Best Flour, per 1/2097152 lb. | 1/131072c |
| Best Flour, per 1/4194304 lb. | 1/262144c |
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| Best Flour, per 1/83076749746310990892020741267521536 lb. | 1/5192296859414436930751296329220096c |
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DS!
ICES!
Styles!
BROS

Dress Goods.

low prices in our Dress.
by seeing them.

ty of prices, qualities and col-
nta.

HUDDAHS and SERGES in

t as showy as last season,
sign and coloring.

, at 50c per yard, exceed any-

yard, never produced by any
materials heretofore.

THS. Our \$1.25 quality are
goods at \$2.25.

at 75c per yard.

, SILKS.

he new Colored Dress Goods.
ctions the prices are less than

ENS.

ee the line of

NAPKINS

ack Hemstitched Towels, size
25c each

ed Damask Towels, knotted
25c each

URE.

N IN ATLANTA BEFORE.

OMS FILLED

he Furniture line. Everything
ary of prices.

UR DOLLAR DOUBLED.

o look in that Show Win-
ours and see what we can
uits. It would not be esti-
three-fourths of the Furniture
prices. Our stock of Parlor
ll surprise you this season.

om, Library, Dining
ormer price.

HEYWARD OR MONEY?

That is the Cry Now of Mrs. Lizzie
McCall-Wall-Lennon.

YOUNG WALLISTER TO BE SUE.

Just Because Papa Ward Went to the
Fellow About Her, the Actress Wants
His Son to Pay Her \$100,000.

New York, September 8.—Lizzie
McCall-Wall-Lennon is nothing, if
she is not original. She rarely does things
like anybody else and she sustained her
reputation this week when she instructed
her lawyers, Howe & Hummel, to bring
a breach of promise suit against a man
who has been married now seven years.
The man, of course, is Heyward Hall Mc-
Callister, son of society's arbiter, Ward Mc-
Callister.

Miss McCall's attachment to young Mr.
McCallister has been no secret for some time
and within the last month or so both
Newport and New York have had the rela-
tions of the two people thrust upon them.
Miss McCall attracted a great deal of at-
tention by chasing Mr. McCallister about
Newport and subsequently by repeating the
pursuit in this city, always, however,
without success.

Since Mr. McCallister, Sr., has evoked the
aid of the gentleman in Mulberry street
to protect his son from Miss McCall's per-
secution, her heart has hardened against
the family.

The other morning she arrayed herself
in a neatly fitting gray tailor-made gown
and a stiffly starched collar and tie, and
with a face expressive of determination
went to the offices of Messrs. Howe &
Hummel. She was closeted with the at-
torneys for some time and Mr. Hummel
was smiling as though he had a very prom-
ising case.

At Mr. Hummel's suggestion the fair
plaintiff allowed him to state her case.
The lawyer said: "Papers have been drawn
up for a breach of promise suit against
Mr. Heyward McCallister, \$100,000 being
named as the damages asked. I cannot
yet reveal the details of the case or the
testimony upon which we rely, but the
evidence will be incontrovertible. Mr. Mc-
Callister was very attentive to our client
and proposed marriage to her several
times. He was at first repulsed, but he
gradually overcame Miss McCall's scruples.
It was arranged that as the lady was a
divorcée the marriage should take place
in an adjoining state. Under these circum-
stances their relations were not exactly
platonic, but Mr. McCallister refused to ful-
fill the promise of marriage, and having
failed to induce him to do so, Miss McCall
brings suit against him."

"We shall show that a certain society
woman of Newport induced Mr. McCallister
to give up Miss McCall. Yes, we have her
name in the affidavit, but shall not make
it public. The case will be settled, you
know. We would rather have the man than
the money."

"But Mr. McCallister has been married
several years to the lady who was Miss
Jane Champion Garmon, has he not?"
asked the reporter.

"I do not know. We must await his
answer. At all events he led our client
to believe he was free. We have forty let-
ters, which are all as affectionately worded
as this one," said Mr. Hummel, cautiously
displaying a letter which began "Sweet
heart darling," and was signed: "Lovingly,
Heyward."

Miss McCall added: "I am tired of shield-
ing the good name of the McCallister family
and I am heartily glad that I have got
to the point of taking this action at last.
I have nothing to say against Heyward. I
simply bring the suit to defend myself.
He is a lovely fellow, whom I once dearly
loved and whom I still like very much.
But I have nothing but words of scorn for
his father, who dragged my name through
the mud of Mulberry street and asked po-
lite protection from me, a defenseless wo-
man. There is another woman, a fine bot-
tom of all this and she is well known in
the four hundred, too. But that is all
I am going to say about my private affairs.
As to the man, I am going to let him
suffer, starting at the head of my own
company. I have several splendid offers
under consideration already. I shall ap-
pear in high-class comedy."

Miss McCall has had a pretty long and
stormy stage career already and her in-
sistence of using the McCallister story as
a preparation for her reappearance is quite
characteristic of her. It was learned from
outside sources that she depends upon her
youngest sister, who is a look model in
this city, for some very effective testimony
in the present suit. Mr. McCallister is in
Newport at present. He was secretly mar-
ried to Miss Garmon, of Savannah, in
1887, but the couple did not live together.

Characteristics of Hood's Sarapapilla:
The largest sale, the most merit,
the greatest cures. Try it, and realize its ben-
efits.

Free Chair Car

To Chattanooga on 2 p. m. train of South-
ern railway, formerly E. T. V. and G.
exp. 7:30.

Wants to Call It "Virginia Avenue."

Editor Constitution.—The question of re-
naming Pryor street, one of the principal
thoroughfares of the principal city of the
south, is too important a matter to jump
at any conclusion without a due regard to
expression and to sentiment. There is
much in a name; an appellation oftentimes
carries with it success or failure. At any
rate, there are obvious reasons why Pryor
street, if it must be changed, should not
bear the name of "Grand avenue." Prom-
inent among these objections is the fact
that the Grand opera house, the pride of
Atlanta in the matter of theatrical and mu-
sical, is not on Pryor street, but largely
Peachtree, and as the name holds a
preference, it would be incumbent to follow
it up in the change without some connec-
tion.

There are, on the other hand, conclusive
reasons why the street should bear the
name of Virginia avenue. Indeed, it is
custom, honored with time, that the prin-
cipal streets of the larger cities should bear
the names of the sister states. The leading
avenue in America, Pennsylvania avenue,
was named in obedience to this precedent.
In the metropolis of the west, Chicago, the
principal avenue is named after a sister
state, Michigan. In the metropolis of the
south, one of the principal business streets
is named after an adjacent state, Alabama,
and what more appropriate name could be
given another of her leading resident and
business streets than "Virginia," after a
state hallowed with memories dear to
every southerner?

PRYOR STREET RESIDENT.

Atticus Haywood Medlock, Jr., ar-
rived in the city last Saturday evening.
This accounts for the late appearance of
Mr. Medlock. Mrs. Medlock was Miss
Shelley Hoyle Haddock, of Jacksonville,
Fla.

The Light Runner.

There is no doubt about it; the Wheeler &
Wilson sewing machine is becoming in-
creasingly beloved on account of its light
running features.

By good women all over the world its
velocitous achievements are making it more
and more into popular favor.

Atlanta office is at 77 Whitehall street,
where you may call and inspect the col-
lectors to have one sent to your home
trial if you contemplate buying. sun-wed

Architects Notice.

The regular monthly meeting of the
Southern Institute of Architects will be
held on Monday the 11th inst. at 10
o'clock p. m. sharp, in Room 52, Equi-
librium building. All the architects of At-
lanta are requested to be present. The
meeting will be held in the city and is cordially
invited to attend.

A. McC. NIXON, Secretary.

WHILE our trade for the past four weeks has been very large, yet we intend to make the coming week's trade the largest of them all. As this means big reduction in prices, it will be glorious news to the people of Atlanta and Georgia—with the exception of certain dry goods merchants who are crying "that we are ruining their trade;" but as we are looking solely to the interests of our customers and ourselves, we can't stop to even think of the heavy blows we are giving our competitors.

Now we must close out the balance of this magnificent stock at the earliest possible day, and we will open on Monday morning with prices lower than ever.

Remember the stock on hand cost us nothing. Read these prices and come Monday and every day next week.

This sale will be continued at The LADIES' BAZAAR'S OLD STAND, 77 Whitehall St., until entirely closed out.

Silks.

60c and 80c Silks go for 25c.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Taffetas and Indias for 40c.

Balance of black Silks at about 50c on the dollar.

Dress Goods.

50c and 60c all wool Dress Goods for 25c.

60c and 80c all wool Dress Goods for 35c.

90c and \$1.25 all wool Dress Goods for 40c.

These are Fall colors and styles.

Novelty Suits.

Choice of any of those beautiful Novelty Suits at half price.

Come and get first choice.

Evening Silks.

32-inch China Silks, all shades, worth 80c, for 35c.

4 pieces canary and pink Crepes, 29 inches wide, worth 60c for 35c.

80c Crepe de Chines, all colors, for 43c.

These are only a few of the many bargains, as the stock is still complete and must be sold at once. Out of town trade will make big money by coming and purchasing their Fall supplies. It will pay all merchants to see us before buying their Fall stocks. We will save you 50 per cent. of your money.

Remember the place, The LADIES' BAZAAR'S OLD STAND, 77 Whitehall St.

E. M. BASS & CO. E. M. BASS & CO.

HE WILL COME BACK.

So Says Mr. Albert Curran of His Brother,
Who Is Out of the City.

DENIES THE STORIES ABOUT HIM.

He Is Now in Alabama and There Is No
Criminal Liability Connected with
His Actions.

Yesterday stories were set afloat concern-
ing the departure from the city of young
Clyde Curran, a young man well known
in the city and the trend of the stories was
to give his disappearance the aspect of flee-
ing from prosecution on a criminal charge.

Naturally these rumors created considera-
ble talk. Young Curran was well and favor-
ably known in the city. He is a brother of
Albert Curran, of the Western Union tel-
egraph. His friends felt sure there could be
nothing criminally wrong in what he had
done.

It was announced last night by the parties
concerned that Mr. Curran would return to
the city at once. Mr. Albert Curran fur-
nishes the following card explanatory of
the entire affair:

"Atlanta, Ga., September 8.—Editor Con-
stitution: In justice to my brother, Mr.
Clyde Curran, who is at present absent
from the city, I deem it necessary to state
that any and all publications or rumors
charging him with criminal action with
regard to any kind of financial transactions,
are both unjust and untrue."

"I am willing to admit that the article in
The Looking Glass was not unwarranted
or incorrect, in consideration of the state-
ments openly made by Mr. G. S. Brewster,
of the firm of Moody & Brewster, of
New York, and others who are con-
cerned in business transactions in connec-
tion with the Curran family. It is that my
brother left Atlanta a few days since under
the advice of several prominent citizens
in order that his relatives and friends might
have a better opportunity of settling a
small gaming case against him in the
criminal court before Judge Westpreland
and Solicitor Thomas, which case has
now been settled and I have telegraphed
him to come to Atlanta immediately. I
feel confident that he will be here in less
than three days."

"His transactions with Mr. Whitcomb
have for the most part consisted in ex-
changing accommodation notes and checks
and have covered a period of several
years. He did borrow from Mr. Whitcomb
a valuable gold watch and during his ab-
sence from the city the holders of Mr. Whit-
comb's accommodation notes began to press
for payment. This action put Mr. Whit-
comb on inquiry, and he began to ask about
the watch and could not find it or any one
who knew anything about it and told Mr.
Curran he was owing him \$75 in notes,
\$5 in money and a valuable gold watch."

"As soon as I heard about the watch I
telegraphed Clyde Curran, who was in
Whitcomb's watch at once, and received
the following reply: 'Watch in my private
drawer in Redway safe. He has key. If
not, will send my key.' Promptly upon re-
ceiving this telegram the drawer was
opened and the watch delivered to Mr.
Whitcomb."

"In regard to the allegations made in the
note held by Moody & Brewster, I beg
to say that the statements made by Mr.
Brewster have been fully contradicted by
my own partner, Mr. John T. Moody, who
draws in Redway safe. He has key. If
Brewster that he alone made the allegation
in the note. Mr. Curran stated to me
that he never met today in the presence of
my father and myself today in the presence
of Mr. Whitcomb that he saw my brother
Curran make the allegation in the note. Mr.
Brewster has by his incorrect and con-
sequently, slanderous statements, done my
brother a considerable injury, as can be
proven by the testimony of his own part-
ner, Mr. John T. Moody."

"Clyde Curran has been employed daily
for the past five or six years in the office
of J. J. Theis, who has trusted him
implicitly at all times and under all cir-

cumstances with large sums of money and
valuable stocks, bonds, notes and other
negotiable securities. Mr. Redway will
gladly state to any one that he has never
found the slightest evidence bordering on
dishonesty in my brother's transactions
with him."

"Like many other young, thoughtless
boys, he has been financially ruined by
what the Looking Glass aptly terms 'bed-
room poker,' and has borrowed more money
than he is able to pay at present."

"I know he is not and has never been
dishonest, and feel confident that he will
return immediately and gradually pay off
every debt which he owes as fast as he
can earn the money, regardless of the fact
that he could not be made to do so by
any sort of criminal proceedings against him."

"I beg pardon for having taken so much
of your space, but Mr. Brewster's charges
against my brother are so manifestly unjust
that I feel compelled to ask you to publish
this card. Respectfully,
"A. V. CURRAN."

INCREASING TRADE

Demand More Office Space for the
Williamham Lumber Company.

Messrs. Williamham & Co., the lumber
dealers of this city, in order to increase
their trade, have established an up-town
office and sample room at No. 1 North For-
syth street. Mr. E. G. Williamham, the
senior member of this institution, has been
identified with the business of this city
more than a quarter of a century and knows
it in every detail. It has been said by many
contractors that he uniformly handles the
highest grade of lumber to be found any-
where, and that they can always get from
him just what they want.

This is great praise for a worthy, pushing,
energetic man. In speaking with him yes-
terday, he said:

"We intend to keep pace with Atlanta,
and for the benefit of our customers and
those needing building lumber, we have
opened a branch office at No. 1 North For-
syth street. Of our mills in the west-
ern part of the city, we manufacture every
kind of lumber, including inside doors and
hard wood and pine; also sash, doors and
blinds, and, for that matter, everything
made by an institution of our character.
We are most assuredly doing the lumber
business of the city, and you may say to
the people, that they can get it at the right
price from us."

FRENCH AND SPANISH.

Atlantians Should Study These Lan-
guages and Be Prepared to Receive
Exposition Guests.

For the promotion of improved methods
of language teaching, based upon the latest
discoveries of educational science, the
Castilla School of Foreign Languages will
open its courses September 17th, for the
present scholastic year at 125 Spring street,
Atlanta, Ga.

The classes will be carried on by Monsieur
A. Fourcaud, assisted by native professors
in Spanish and French. These classes will
enable pupils, young or old, to become
understand, read or write a language well
enough to be able to attend courses for
the study of a foreign tongue can be clas-
sified as follows:

1. Those, who, not knowing a word of the
language and having the time to take a
lesson every day, wish to become capable
of speaking, understanding and writing it
in the shortest time possible.

2. Those, who not knowing the language
but having only two or three days a week
at their disposal, wish to be able to speak,
read and write within a period not exceed-
ing a year.

3. Those, who having studied at school,
although well acquainted with the gram-
mar, are unable to understand the spoken
language or to converse in the foreign
tongue.

4. Those, who, being already familiar with
the spoken language, seek the opportu-
nity of perfecting their knowledge of the
language studied.

For these four classes of students Mon-
sieur Fourcaud offers suitable classes—day
classes, afternoon classes, private lessons
or, besides, a selected night class of two
hours' duration will be started by October
1st, from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m., for the
benefit of those young men who desire to
speak the Spanish language at the time of
the opening of the Atlanta exposition. Appli-
cations are received now.

SOCIETY NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Continued From Sixth Page.

charming affair. The entertainment was
in honor of Mrs. Ridley's guests, Miss Julia
Ridley, of LaGrange; Miss Cohen and Miss
Robinson, of Augusta. Delicious refresh-
ments were beautifully served at the close
of the game. The prizes were very hand-
some and were won as follows:

First ladies prize, silver service, won by
Miss Julia Ridley; second, silver and cut
glass vinaigrette, Miss Adella Murphy;
third, silver hat pin, Miss Robinson; fourth,
Miss Mary's First gentleman's prize, sil-
ver knife, won by Mr. Jack Slaton; second,
silver paper cutter, Mr. Otis Smith; third,
silver nail file, Mr. Frank Barnett; fourth,
toy drum, Mr. Lewis Arnold.

With September being a new year's work
for this organization which should be of in-
terest to all self-supporting women, as well
as to all who are interested in that con-
stantly increasing class. This organization
is the Business Women's Club. For three
years it has labored quietly for the mat-
erial, social and intellectual advancement
of its members. Its nucleus was an sum-
mer school of the business department of
the Girls' High school, but last year its
boundaries were extended to take in all
self-supporting women, and this year's in-
crease of members and activity will be
marked.

The meetings for the ensuing year will
be held weekly, Friday evenings, rooms
for this purpose having been secured from
the Southern Shortland and Business uni-
versity on the fifth floor of the Grand. At
these meetings there will be conducted,
besides the regular classes in literature, physi-
cal culture and needlework, and a reading
room will be open for those members who
do not care to do the class work. One meet-
ing of each month will be devoted to a
social gathering of the members.

The details of these arrangements are to
be perfected at the first business meeting,
Friday, September 14th, at 8 o'clock p. m.
The attention of the members is called to
the fact that the place of this meeting has
been changed from Mrs. Hamilton Douglas's
to the Grand, fifth floor. The importance
of a full attendance will be obvious, and it
is hoped that the members will be there
promptly.

Mr. James P. Field opened on last Mon-
day his Southern Art school in the Cham-
berlin & Johnson building. He has nice
quarters there, for he has added to his
pretty, commodious studio a well-equipped
class room. Miss Crowell is to be in charge
of this room with Mr. Field as general di-
rector. Miss Crowell is a cultivated and
capable teacher, having studied for three
years at the Cooper Union and Art League
in New York. She is one of the many cle-
ver, ambitious young women who are now
being turned out from the two industrial
schools of the south.

Miss Maud Stokes will reopen her private
dancing class Tuesday evening, September
11th, at her residence, 70 East Ellis street.

Places Which Cost \$5.00

To be sold to morrow at a sacrifice. New
two-room and three new three-room houses,
barn and stable; rent at \$27.50, must sell
tomorrow. Call early or lose this bargain;
at your own price. Samuel W. Goode & Co.

From Mr. Alex W. Smith.

Mr. A. K. Hawkes, City-Deer Sir: I beg
to express my grateful appreciation of the
excellence of the lenses made at your fac-
tory in accordance with the prescription of
my eyes. Aside from the great comfort
and relief from a troublesome eye condi-
tion, which they afford me, their polish, sym-
metry and mountings make them an orna-
ment. I cordially recommend your glasses
for their excellence and beauty. Yours very
truly,

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Every Kind.

GOODS!

Berkeley,
ALL ST.

LOT of
RINGS.
Don't fail to
opportunity to get an
money. Send at
you will be con-
re offered at very
list with each

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PREPARATIONS
this fall's business. Such an
rishment of "high class cloth-
Everything from the
exact demands of even-
dress, to the wear resting
tics of business use. All the
things in single and double-
ways. Cut and tailored in the
manner which has made
clothing so popular.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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PART xiii (Conclusion)—THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

"Isn't it almost time for us to start home?" said Sweetest Susan, turning to Mr. Thimblefinger.

"Why, you've got all the afternoon before you," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "Besides it will be down hill all the way. I was just going to tell you a story, but if you really want to go I'll put off the telling of it until some of your grandchildren tumble in the spring when the wet water has run out and the dry water has taken its place."

"Tell the story, please," said Buster John. "It's about a girl," remarked Mr. Thimblefinger. "She was called the Strawberry Girl. My mother knew the girl well, and I've heard her tell the story many a time. But if you want to go home—"

"Oh, please tell the story," cried Sweetest Susan.

"Well," said Mr. Thimblefinger, "Once there was an old woman who lived in the woods. She lived all alone and people said she was a witch. She was so old that the skin on her forehead had deep wrinkles in it, and these wrinkles caused everybody to think that the old woman was frowning all the time. People called her Granny Grim-Eye."

"Whenever Granny Grim-Eye got hungry she went to a strawberry patch in the field near where she lived and gathered a basket of strawberries. One day when she went after strawberries she found a beautiful little girl asleep in the patch."

"'Hitty-titty!' said Granny Grim-Eye, 'what are you doing here? Where did you come from and where are you going?'"

"The little girl awoke and stared at Granny Grim-Eye. She was tied to a blackberry bush by a silver chain so fine that the links of it could hardly be seen with the naked eye. 'Who are you?' said Granny Grim-Eye."

"'Nothing nor nobody,'" replied the little girl, and that was all the answer Granny Grim-Eye could get from the child.

"Well," said Granny Grim-Eye, "this is my strawberry patch, and everything I find in it belongs to me. I'll take you home and see what I can make out of you."

"So she took the girl home and cared for her, giving her the name of the Strawberry Girl. In the course of time the Strawberry Girl grew to be the most beautiful young woman in the country, but her mind was not bright. In fact, I have heard my mother say that the Strawberry Girl was as stupid and as silly as she could be, but she was so beautiful that people were inclined to forgive her for being stupid."

"Granny Grim-Eye used to send her with strawberries to sell to the rich man who owned nearly all the land in that part of the country. Now, this rich man fell in love with the Strawberry Girl, but when he found that she was both stupid and silly he gave up all thought of marrying her. He was very fond of her, nevertheless, and bought all the berries she had for sale. But when she began to talk he would turn away with a sigh, for everything she said was stupid."

"Now, it so happened one day that Granny Grim-Eye was too sick to pick the strawberries herself, as she always had done, and she was afraid to trust the Strawberry Girl to pick them. But the rich man sent word that he was to have a company of friends to dinner and he must have some strawberries. There was nothing for Granny Grim-Eye to do but to send the Strawberry Girl to the patch. Granny Grim-Eye called her up and cautioned her not to pick anything but good, ripe strawberries, and then sent her off to the patch."

"But on the way the Strawberry Girl saw some red berries growing on bushes, and these she picked and put in the basket until it was full. 'These are just as red as ripe strawberries,' she said, 'and they will do just as well. Besides, they are a great deal easier to pick.'"

"The way to the rich man's house led through a very thick wood, and while the Strawberry Girl was going through this wood a little old man stepped from a hollow tree and stood in the path before her."

"'Aha!' says he, 'I find you alone at last. Where are you going and what have you got?'"

"'I am carrying some strawberries to your master,'" says the Strawberry Girl, who imagined that the rich man was everybody's master."

"'My master!' cries the little old man; 'my master! But if he was my master, and I wanted to get rid of him, I'd not get in your path, for every berry in your basket is rank poison.'"

"'Well, anyhow, they are red,' says the stupid Strawberry Girl."

"'So they are,' says the little old man. 'But if you want to kill your master carry them to him.'"

"'Oh, I don't want to kill him,' says the Strawberry Girl. 'He pays too well.'"

"'Once you belonged to me,' says the little old man. 'I tied you to a blackberry bush with a fine silver chain and left you there until I could attend to some business in the city. When I came back you were gone. I hunted for you high and low only to hear that you had been found by Granny Grim-Eye. What is the result? You have grown up beautiful and stupid. After all these years you don't know a strawberry from a dragon's apple. If you had remained with me you would have grown to be the most beautiful as well as the wittiest woman in the world. You would have known everything that is hidden in nature—everything"

that has been stored between the lids of all the books. It is a great pity!"

"'Yes,' said the stupid Strawberry Girl, 'I expect it is, but what must I do with these berries? I haven't time to pick more?'"

"'Well,' says the little old man, 'I'll make a bargain with you. I'll fill your basket with the finest berries that were ever seen, and I'll make you the wittiest woman in the world if, at the end of one year, you will marry me.'"

"The stupid Strawberry Girl gave her promise, and then the little old man touched her on the forehead with his left thumb, pointed at a bright star with his right fore-



A little old man stepped from a hollow tree and stood in the path before her.

finger, and then went back to his hollow tree, warning the girl not to forget her promise."

"When she looked in the basket the red dragon's apples had disappeared, and in their place she saw the finest strawberries that had ever been grown. These she carried to the rich man, who was as much surprised at the size and lusciousness of the berries as his guests were at the extraordinary beauty of the young girl. They praised her beauty to their host, who shook his head and said that beauty ceased to be beautiful when it was tied to stupidity. The guests, however, would not believe that so beautiful a creature could be stupid, and to satisfy them the rich man sent for the girl and engaged her in conversation. Her replies were so wise, so apt and so witty as to astound all the company, while the rich man was dumfounded with astonishment."

"After that, when the Strawberry Girl came with berries for sale, the rich man always sent for her, and her wit and intelligence were so pleasing to him that he finally asked her to be his wife. But she remembered the bargain she had made with the little old man who had met her in the wood, and she told the rich man that she would have to take time to consider his proposal."

"She was very much worried. She fretted until she began to lose some of her beauty, and when Granny Grim-Eye saw this she began to ask questions, and it was not long before she found out all about the bargain the Strawberry Girl had made with the little Old Man of the Wood."

"'Oh, no!' she cried. 'He is up to his old tricks, is he? Well, we shall see!'"

"So she went to her chest and got the silver chain with which the Strawberry Girl had been fastened to the blackberry bush, and wrapped and twined it in the shape of a star. This star she fastened on the Strawberry Girl's forehead by means of a velvet band, and told her to wear it constantly."

"It happened that on the very day the year expired the Strawberry Girl was walking through the wood. The little old man jumped from his hollow tree and ran forward to claim his bride. But when he saw the star shining on her forehead he gave a loud cry, threw his hands before his eyes and turned and fled through the wood faster than any deer could have done. Nobody ever saw him again, and the Straw-

berry Girl married the rich man and lived happily for many long years."

"I think that is a nice story," said Sweetest Susan.

"I'm glad you do," remarked Mr. Thimblefinger. "My mother knew all the facts in the case, and I've heard her tell it many a time. I may have left out some of the happenings, but these and many others you can supply for yourself."

"Mrs. Meadows looked up at the sky of Mr. Thimblefinger's queer country. It had grown perceptibly darker. Mr. Thimblefinger pulled out his little watch. Mr. Rabbit closed one eye and sat as if listening for something."

"Well," said Mrs. Meadows, "I expect I will have to tell you goodbye for this time. I hope you'll come again. I declare, it's been a treat to have some new somebody to talk to. Mr. Thimblefinger will go with you. By the time you get back the sun will be setting and your folks will be wondering where you are."

The children were not at all anxious to go. They had had a very curious experi-

afternoon last summer the customary guest of the place was of a sudden rudely disturbed by the violent entrance of a bull, evidently in a high state of excitement. The creature had broken away from a butcher who was leading it down the street, and had dashed through the bar gate before the startled sentry had a chance to challenge it or bar its passage, had he so dared."

Heading at once for the upper end of the enclosure, the bull soon caught sight of the bear, and with a thunderous bellow bore down upon its hereditary antagonist. The bear promptly prepared to receive cavalry, but it soon became clear that, hampered as he was by his chain, the odds were greatly against him, and unless the soldiers hastened to their pet's rescue they would be mourning his loss. The infuriated bull tossed him to the ground, then tossed him on its horns, and, in fact, knocked him about sadly, without receiving any punishment whatever."

Happily, however, there were plenty of soldiers at hand, and, seizing their bayoneted rifles, they rushed to poor Bruin's assistance. By dint of dauntless prodding they soon succeeded in driving off the bull, but so violent was it that no one could secure it, and finally it had to be killed with a bullet. Thanks to their speedy succor, the bear was little the worse for the unprovoked attack upon him and still flourishes in good health and spirits."

His First Case.

The young man had just been admitted to practice at the bar. He sat within the bar enclosure, speculating upon the chances of clients coming to him, by mistake or otherwise. He heard his name spoken, and started to his feet.

"Mr. De Novo, the prisoner at the bar is unable to employ counsel. Will you defend him?"

"Certainly, your honor. May I retire with him for a few moments' consultation?"

"Yes, and give him your best advice."

A hardly perceptible meek curled his honor's lips as he uttered these last words, but the young man did not appear to notice it. Motioning for the prisoner to follow him, he passed into the other room. The door was closed, and for ten minutes the lively clatter of many conversations filled the court-room. Then the young man strolled into the room and dropped into a chair. The crier proclaimed, "Silence in the court-room!" His honor gazed upon the young man and said:

"Are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Where's the prisoner?"

"I really don't know."

"What!"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Mr. De Novo, will you explain what you mean by this most extraordinary conduct?"

"Your honor told me to give him the best advice I could, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"May it please the court, when I consulted him I found he was guilty, and had really no defense whatever. So, in pursuance of your honor's so kindly meant suggestion, I advised him to drop out of the window and make himself as scarce as possible. I presume, in fact I know, that he followed the first part of my advice, and I believe he will also observe the rest of it."

Well Trained Dogs.

In the recent military tournament at Earl's Court in London, during the storming of a fortified position, a man suddenly appeared behind the attacking force mounted on a bicycle, to the cross-bar of which was attached a typewriting machine. In an instant his machine was braced by throwing out a light metal rod to one side and the man was at work on a message dictated by the general in command of the attacking party. By the side of the bicycle stood a collie dog, patiently waiting for the message to be finished. When it was completed the man on the bicycle handed it to the dog, who immediately bounded away with it and delivered it to the commander of the reinforcements stationed some distance away, who at once hurried up to strengthen the attacking party. The English army has a number of well trained dogs for carrying dispatches and the German army has trained war dogs taught to creep under a foe and to give warning of a hostile approach."

In London a pack of collie dogs are now giving an entertainment at a music hall. At one side of the stage stands a house which suddenly bursts into flames, an alarm of fire is sounded and in rushes a fire engine, drawn, driven and manned by collie dogs. A small white dog appears at one of the upper windows and whines piteously for help, one of the firemen, a big brown collie rushes into the burning building and in a moment appears at the window with the small dog in his mouth. A ladder is then raised and he descends safely to the ground with his burden, but, after rescuing the white dog to its family, sinks to the ground apparently overcome by the smoke and flames to which it has been exposed. One of the other firemen, a dark collie, runs to his side and looks at him and then disappears at the side of the stage. In a few moments he reappears followed by two more dogs who carry a stretcher between them. The dead hero is placed tenderly on the stretcher and is about to be removed when his distracted widow rushes in, lays her head upon her husband's breast and refuses to be comforted, burying her head between her paws on the funeral pall and crying piteously. The widow is dressed in black with a crepe veil and walks and runs upon her hind legs never trailing the fore feet to the ground while on the stage, and when she follows the body of her husband as it is carried off, wears an expression of intense grief that would do credit to a great tragedienne. Indeed the whole performance is carried on by these dogs with almost human intelligence."

EDWARD EFFINGHAM

The Bear and the Bull.

The British soldiers are very fond of having pets in camp, says a writer in Harper's Young People. In some cases it is a big billy goat, in others a superb stag, or maybe a splendid dog. But of all pets the favorite seems to be a bear. During my boyhood in Halifax there was most always a bear in one of the barracks, and I have many a time watched with intense interest a huge fellow that used to be the pride of the Wellington barracks having a boxing match with the soldier who had special charge of him, and of whom he was very fond."

By the way, this very bear unintentionally committed suicide in an extraordinary manner. His chain was just long enough to allow him to mount to the top of a high board fence, and one dark, rainy night, the poor chap, somehow or other, slipped off this fence over on the other side, and, being unable to get back, hung there until death released him from his sufferings, and in the morning the sorrowing soldiers found their pet limp and lifeless."

But it is of another regimental bear that I am now about to tell. In the barrack yard of the infantry school at Fredericton, chained to a post, is a fine bear, which is the pet and pride of the corps. One bright

A HOME-MADE GYMNASIUM.

Having a great desire for a gymnasium, but living in a small town that had none, and not possessing the means to "order" an outfit from those seductive catalogues of sporting goods houses which every schoolboy has longingly perused, I decided to devise and construct one. It was such a success, and the cost so small, that I believe there are many boys in the country who will be glad to know how it was made. The total cost of my gymnasium was \$8. A boy in any country town can make one as cheap, and perhaps cheaper. With the outfit described below you can get enough exercise in volume and variety to suit the average amateur athlete.

The Frame.
First, a tall frame is erected. Get three large beams 6x3 inches, two of them sixteen feet and one six feet in length. Mortise the short beam on top of the long ones, and set the frame in the ground. Sink it about three feet and run guy wires from the top, or else use wooden props, in order that there shall be no oscillation. Upon this frame the several appliances are fixed. The most important of these is the

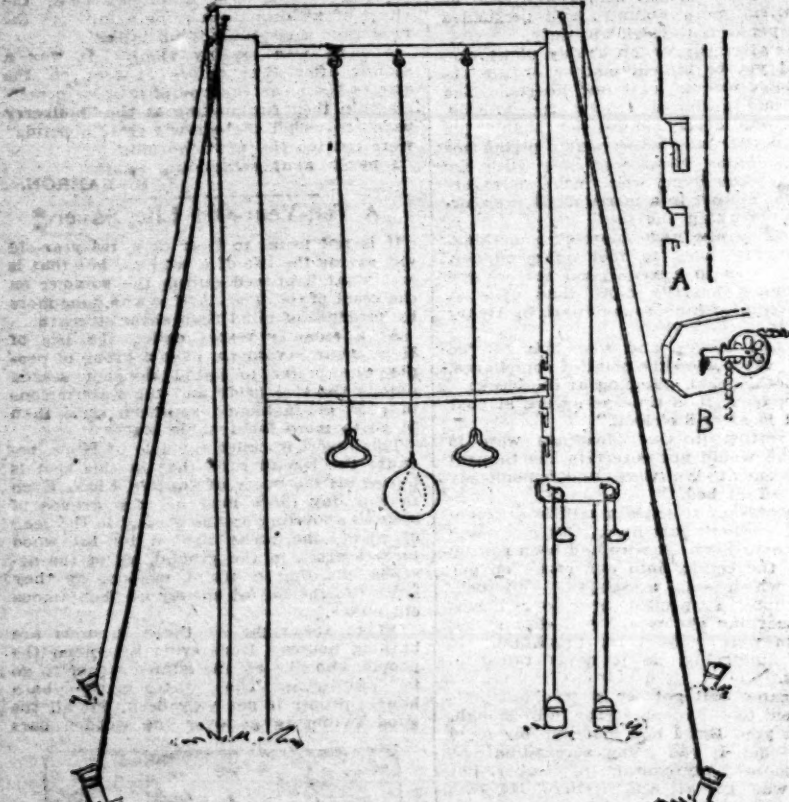
Horizontal Bar.
There is, probably, in your neighborhood a turning lathe. If so, you can get a sea-

soned hickory bar turned in a few minutes for 75 cents. It should be about one and a half inches in diameter and six feet long. If you cannot get one turned, a carpenter will hew and draw one out for you. About two inches at each end of the bar should be left square, the roundness tapering off from the squareness. Before using, the bar should be well sand papered in order to make it as smooth as possible. This bar fits in a frame between the two upright beams. To make it adjustable to different heights and removable in a few seconds' time, several corresponding holes must be cut into each of the uprights. In one of the uprights cut five square holes just sufficient in size to admit the square end of the bar. Let the first hole be, say four feet from the ground, and the four others half a foot apart above it. They should be in the center (from right to left) of the upright and should go about halfway through. The holes in the other upright should be, instead of square, twice the length of the others and from the top part of each of them a little passage wide enough for the end of the bar to slip through, should extend out to the edge of the upright. This device makes the bar easily removable. See illustration (a).

Swinging Rings.
Next in importance to the bar are the rings. Get a pair of rings about five inches in diameter. If you prefer you can have them shaped like a stirrup. This shape is more comfortable for the hands. You can get a pair made by a blacksmith for 40 cents. These rings are suspended from the top beam at any height from the ground you may desire by small ropes. In the top beam put two screw rings (like those on a picture frame to which the cord is attached) and to these fasten the ropes. The ropes should be as small as possible but very strong. It is a good idea to wrap the rings once or twice with narrow strips of flannel in order to save the hands.

Striking Bag.
This is an admirable contrivance for developing the muscles of the arms, chest and back, and to boys of a pugilistic tendency it stands unequalled among gymnasium appliances. The cheapest ready-made bag to be had is \$4, but a rubber football of average size, which can be bought in most small towns for \$1, answers all purposes. Encase it in a snug-fitting cloth bag so that it can be fastened to the rope. If you can't get a football persuade your mother or sister to make you a canvas bag and fill it with the lightest material obtainable—cotton hair, excelsior, or rags, if necessary. It should be light enough for you to, after a few days' practice, be able, with a solid blow, to knock it ten feet in the air. This, like the rings, is suspended from the top beam with a small rope, coming to a height parallel with your shoulders. It is to be in the center of the frame. See illustration.

Chest Weights.
Chest weights today take high rank among gymnasium appliances. They constitute one of the simplest and most beneficial forms of exercise known. The cheap-



The Gymnasium Complete: (a) Showing the notches for cross bar; (b) pulling for Chest Weights.

foregoing directions and illustrations you can construct in your yard a gymnasium that will do you a lifetime of good, that will give you many hours of pleasurable recreation and—as you will see from detailed statement below—at an insignificant cost.

| | |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| Three beams for frame..... | \$2 00 or less |
| Erection of..... | 1 50 or less |
| Four pieces of rope..... | 80 |
| Horizontal bar..... | 1 00 or less |
| Two pulley wheels..... | 75 |
| One striking bag..... | 1 00 or less |
| Two screw rings..... | 15 |
| Total..... | \$5 00 |

In an article next Sunday I will give detailed information about the simplest exercises for the several appliances herewith described.

AMONG THE SCHOOLS.

There Is Not Much News Yet, as It Is Still Early in the Season.

This week the schools will all begin work in earnest and from now until vacation all the boys and girls will have to study hard to keep in front of their classes.

The Constitution Junior has not heard from many of its correspondents yet, but they must write this week and give all the school news they know.

Miss Aurelia Roach, principal of Crew street, says that her school has as many pupils as it can accommodate and that her school was well under way on the third day—just as soon as all the pupils could get their books and prepare for work. Miss Roach believes that the coming scholastic year will be a very successful one in her territory.

Mrs. Whitesides is the principal of one of the oldest public schools in Atlanta—Ivy street school. She is a remarkable disciplinarian and keeps her school always in fine control. Already her classes have been systematized and everything is moving as if she had been at work for a month or more.

Professor Means, principal of West End school, said to The Junior's reporter: "I think that there will be fully 300 pupils in the West End school this year. We now have more room than before, as we have two grades less. The accommodations have thus been increased to a remarkable extent. We are going to have a good school this year."

Fair street school, Walker street school and all the others are rapidly getting under way.

Neway Notes.

Walter C. Barnwell is The Junior's correspondent at the high school. He is a bright young fellow and is a clever writer.

George and Alfred Cunningham and Joe Forbes, three of West End's most popular boys, left last week for the Young Harris Institute, where they will attend school.

Misses Stella and Edna Haup, of Savannah, who have been visiting in this city with their mother, have returned to Savan-

nah. They are pretty and charming little misses.

High School Notes.

The Boys' High school opened on last Monday with a total enrollment of about 300, which is a decided increase over last year's enrollment. About 100 are new boys, mostly of the first grade. There are now two first and two second grades, making five classes with the senior class, which is the largest in the history of the school. Professor W. M. Slaton, the principal, has labored long and has at last succeeded in introducing a curriculum which will enable a graduate to enter the sophomore class at college.

The Alcephonian Literary and Debating Society is in a flourishing condition and the order in the society hall as near perfect as could be desired. Meetings are held from 11:30 to 2 o'clock on Tuesdays and the programmes of speaking and debating are always interesting. Friends and patrons of the schools are cordially invited to call at any time. They are sure to enjoy a pleasant afternoon.

Great interest is manifested by the pupils in the Young Men's Christian Association, and a boys' branch of this institution has been organized in the high school. Meetings are held every Friday immediately after the adjournment of the society, and addresses are often made by prominent citizens. Professor Charles W. Otley has the honor of organizing this branch, and his work among the boys has been productive of much good.

There has been some talk of organizing a football team, but as yet no decided steps have been taken.

Professor W. F. Dykes has been added to the competent corps of teachers and has charge of the first grade.

Professors Brittan and Otley are again at their former posts. Professor West has been transferred from the first to second grade B.

The officers of the Alcephonian Literary and Debating Society for the following term are: Mr. Noel B. Wright, senior class, president; Mr. Harman O. Cox, second grade A, secretary; Mr. Phinizy Calhoun, first grade A, assistant secretary.

The coming term promises to be one of pleasure and much profit. Professor Slaton is thoroughly in touch with every boy and has very little trouble in maintaining perfect order.

IN WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Peachtree Poultry and Pet Stock Show Was Brilliantly Conducted.

The Junior Constitution of last Saturday contained an interesting account of the exhibits at the Peachtree street poultry and pet stock show which was then in progress at the home of the society's president, Louis Castleman.

The exhibits were splendidly arranged in two rooms and the coops used for the chickens were of the best make and were clean and light. The birds put on exhibition were splendid specimens in all the classes and their owners deserve especial credit for the admirable way in which they keep their birds.

Of course all the boys nearly had bantams on exhibition, and it must indeed have been very difficult for the judge to determine which was the highest scoring bird among so many ones of beautiful plumage and fine symmetry. While none of the prizes were exceedingly expensive all of them were useful. The first prize was a handsome silver medal, given for the highest scoring chicken, and the judge, who was Mr. R. O. Campbell, a most enthusiastic fancier, had a hard time making up his decision.

This prize, however, went to Master Alvin Underwood, who had on exhibition several chickens. The bird that captured the silver medal for him was his black-breasted red game cock, which scored 94½. The second highest scoring chicken was the spangled game cock owned by Livingston Thompson. It scored 93½.

The black-breasted red game bantams found a lively competition as there were so many in this class. The first prize was won by Will Tanner, whose bird scored 91½. The prize was a handsome knife. George Winship's brown leghorns won first prize, which was a year's subscription to The Southern Fancier.

Prizes for the Rabbits.

The exhibition of rabbits and guinea pigs was exceedingly large, but the officers of the association had the most on exhibition and did not try for the prizes. Robert Keely won the first prize, a bicycle sweater, for the heaviest rabbit. He also won the prize of a knife for the best rabbits. John Reagan won the prize for the prettiest rabbit. The prize for the best coon was won by John Hill. It was a pocketknife.

Altogether the officers of the association have cause to be proud of their success.

Golden Thoughts.

Great minds have wills; feeble ones have wishes.

Pleasure is not the end of life. Pleasure has its uses, but it is a means, not an end. It is the oil which keeps the machinery of life from creaking and grinding and wearing out. He who has a hearty laugh in company, a laugh which leaves sweet remembrance afterward, has conferred no small boon. No recreation is real which does not recreate. He never has a good time who lives only that he may have a good time.—Lyman Abbott.

The career of a great man remains a monument of human energy. The man dies and disappears, but his thoughts and acts survive, and leave an indelible stamp upon his race. Thus the spirit of his life is prolonged and perpetuated, molding the thought and will, and thereby contributing to the character of future generations.—Samuel Smiles.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Junior.—I have been spending my vacation at Chautauqua, N. Y., on the beautiful lake Chautauqua, and I think some of the readers of The Junior would like to hear how the people celebrate what they call "the Old First Night," the anniversary of Mother Chautauqua, which was established here twenty years ago.

By 7 o'clock the amphitheater, which holds 10,000 people, was crowded, and then began the most interesting entertainment I ever saw. Bishop Vincent's proposal of sending a telegram to President Miller was greeted by a shower of waving handkerchiefs. The amphitheater appeared at that moment as if covered with a mantle of snow. It was grand beyond description. After hearing the eloquent speeches of eleven distinguished gentlemen the entertainment was brought to a close by the witty and clever artist, Mr. Frank Beard. The reader will have to exercise his imagination a great deal in trying to guess how the lovely fireworks appeared. Their exact image was shown in the calm waters of the lake, and at one time so great was the effect that the water looked like the basin of some active volcano. The grounds were well lighted by lanterns and colored glass globes. As the last skyrocket went hissing into the air the large crowd of people wended their way homeward and the celebration of Chautauqua's twenty-first anniversary was closed. Willie Earned.

Bridgeport, Ala.—Dear Junior: I have been reading the letters in The Junior and have been thinking for some time that I would write, so now I will. I live in the little city of Bridgeport, Ala., which is located in the northeast corner of the state, and is beautiful for situation, being surrounded by the Cumberland mountains on one side and Sand mountain on the other, while far in the distance is Lookout. The Tennessee river winds through the valley like a silver ribbon. My home is on a hill near the Methodist church, where I attend Sunday school and services. I like The Junior so much, and I think from the letters all like it. I read every piece in it. I tried for the prize in the first contest, but like many others, failed. I hope my letter will be considered worth publishing. I wish you would offer a prize in story writing to girls under twelve. I am ten and a half years of age. We little girls don't have much of a chance. Florence Lockwood Renfro.

Dear Junior.—You know Wilkes county is known as the "home of the barbecue," and truly there are more enjoyed here than in any county in the whole south. Well, since there is a Junior to every thing, we boys decided we would indulge in a Junior barbecue. We secured first a Junior Callaway, though he boasted neither gold-headed cane nor diamond shirt pin. The next thing was to solicit a contribution for supplies. One boy brought in a chicken for the carcass; others contributed bread, ham, pickles, sardines, lemons, crackers, etc. We selected as a suitable place a grove of towering oaks that look as if they had stood guard there since the famous battle of Kettle creek. The ground was covered with grass—an ideal spot for a boys' barbecue—just the place to lie and dream, but bless you, we had no time for dreaming. A pit had to be dug in which to barbecue that chicken. We soon had it finished and filled with red-hot coals and our carcass stretched across it. We drew on a good lady near by for butter, salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard, things which we, boy-like, had entirely forgotten; we roasted potatoes in the fire and soon had a royal dinner, smoking hot and fit for grown folks. We spread a cloth on the ground, on which we placed our feast, and being by that time, both hungry and tired, we fell to and dispatched in short order our first Junior barbecue. We had a jolly time and voted our dinner the best we had ever eaten. Now if any of your Atlanta boys are tired of vacation and are longing for school to begin, in order to help while away the lagging hours, just let them try a Junior barbecue. One Who Was There.

Washington, Ga.

DON'T FORGET.

These Little Items of More or Less Valuable Information.

From Current Literature.

Oats originated in North Africa; onions in Egypt; parsley in Sardinia; peaches in Persia; peas in Egypt; potatoes in America; rye in Siberia; spinach in Arabia; sunflower in Peru; tobacco in America and walnut in Persia.

Gold alloyed with twenty per cent of aluminum takes on a brilliant ruby tint. Additions to rented premises, when made by the tenant, should never be fastened with nails, but with screws. Should he wish to move away and take with him the lumber composing the improvements he has made, he can simply draw out the screws and take the planks. If he fastens them with nails the improvements become the landlord's property.

It is estimated that 119,000,000 copper pennies have been lost to circulation in the century since the United States began to coin money.

The pain caused by the bite of a mosquito is produced by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through the mosquito's throat.

Gold leaf, when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but one two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light. Such sheets are really semi-transparent.

Ice Juice.

It was a hot day and the ice cart on its rounds attracted the usual crowd of thirsty youngsters clamoring for "the pieces." Ray's mamma, who had dressed him in a clean, white suit, was shocked when he made his appearance wet and dripping. "Oh! you naughty, bad boy, just look at that nice, clean suit all dirty so soon! I believe I shall have to give you a good whipping." "Tain't no dirt," bawled Ray. "It's less only ice juice, and I'll dry up pretty soon if you won't whip me."

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers
of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., September 9, 1894.

An Unavoidable Delay.

Owing to an unavoidable error, this issue of The Junior is issued on Sunday morning instead of Saturday morning. Probably a great many of our young readers were disappointed yesterday morning when they did not find The Junior folded between the pages of The Constitution. We make haste to assure them that the delay is only temporary, and that hereafter they may look for The Junior every Saturday morning, just as it has appeared in the past.

A PROUD DAY FOR OUR NAVY.

After the famous Hungarian insurrection of 1848 was put down by the armed force of the Austrian government thousands of political exiles made their escape to America, while as many more were executed by the Austrians or imprisoned in dungeons for life. Among those who escaped to this country in company with the patriot Kosuth, was Martin Kozta. Kozta lived for two years in the United States and announced his intention to become a citizen of this country. Feeling that he was sufficiently secure from the Austrian vengeance, he went to Smyrna, a seaport of Turkey, on business.

The Austrian's heard of his arrival, and the Austrian consul took secret steps to have him arrested. Secrecy was necessary as he was on the neutral soil of Turkey, and had announced himself as an American citizen. One day, while quietly seated at a cafe, he was seized by some desperadoes, hurried to a boat, and cast into the prison of the Austrian war ship, Hussar, then lying in port.

The occurrence suddenly assumed international importance, and the following graphic story of his release is told by Harper's Young People:

The American consul at once demanded that Kozta be released; the demand was refused.

In those days there were no submarine cables and the consul could not report to Washington and get a reply before poor Kozta would be far away, and perhaps executed on the gallows.

The crisis was most serious and seemingly without remedy when the fate of the prisoner was providentially influenced by a most unexpected event. A sail appeared off the Castle of St. James, entering the bay of Smyrna. Waited before the regular sea-breeze which blows daily in summer, she swiftly approached the city under a press of sail. She was a handsome ship, and the guns bristling from her ports, showed her to be a man-of-war. She was near enough to the quays for her boatswain's whistle to be heard when her upper galls came down on the run. As she rounded up to her anchorage as graceful as a swan, the stars and stripes were flung out to the breeze. It proved to be the United States sloop of war, St. Louis.

It was a most extraordinary circumstance, a coincidence very like a special providence, that she should arrive at this particular hour. The whole city was soon informed of the new phase the Kozta affair had entered. Hardly had the smoke cleared away from the customary salutes fired between the batteries on shore and the American ship than the United States consul was relating the seizure of Kozta to Captain Ingraham, commander of the St. Louis.

Captain Duncan Nathaniel Ingraham, was of a spare, slender figure and of medium height, as the writer remembers him, and a native of Charleston, South Carolina. He belonged to a race and a service that hesitates not, in the face of duty, nor flinches from its performances. The consul had scarcely finished his narrative before Captain Ingraham had determined on the course he should pursue.

Returning to the St. Louis, Captain Ingraham dispatched a note to the captain of the Austrian brig, Hussar, demanding the prompt release of Kozta. The Austrian received the note with scorn. As he looked about the harbor he could see another Austrian man-of-war, a schooner, anchored near his own ship, which was fully as powerful as the American vessel. Three Austrian packet steamers were also in port commanded by naval officers, and armed with two guns each. Under the circumstances he felt more than justified in the belief that Captain Ingraham had acted with great rashness, and only required a stout refusal to back down from his demand. A curt reply was sent declining to give up the captive Hungarian. Aware that Kozta was shortly to be sent on board of one of the steamers which was to sail that day, Captain Ingraham sent back word that he would wait until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day for the Austrians to yield up Kozta. After that hour he should open fire on them, and leave the responsibility of the result on the Austrian captain and consul.

Having sent this decisive message, Captain Ingraham ordered the anchor hoisted, and laid his ship close by the side of the Hussar. The crew were beat to quarters, the partitions were knocked out of the cabins, the guns were loaded, and everything was prepared for a desperate conflict. The Austrians in the mean time were not idle. The Hussar was prepared for battle, the schooner ranged up on the other side of the St. Louis with shot, guns and the three steamers took a position where they could

take the American ship fore and aft. Thus the St. Louis was actually surrounded and completely hemmed in by no less than five vessels. The odds were tremendous. The resolution of Captain Ingraham might arouse admiration for the courage it displayed, but all who were unacquainted with the past achievements of our navy and the matchless heroism and skill of our seamen, would have pronounced the action of the American captain rash to the last degree and hopeless from the outset.

The tidings of the approaching battle had spread through the city of Smyrna like wildfire. From all quarters of this semi-European town of 150,000 inhabitants, the people flocked to the wharves to witness the remarkable spectacle which was about to add another to the many stirring scenes which emblazon the history of Smyrna. Whether out of sympathy to Kozta, the poor refugee who, whatever else might occur, was the least likely of all concerned to escape unharmed, or whether out of regard for the United States and admiration for the heroism of the Americans, much the larger number of the spectators expressed an ardent hope that victory might incline to the St. Louis and her gallant captain and crew.

The critical hour approached. Neither side showed any signs of yielding. The American gunners stood at their posts; Captain Ingraham, watch in hand, walked the quarter deck of the St. Louis, prepared, as the hands of his watch touched the hour of four, and the ship's bell rang out eight bells, to give the fateful order that should cause the port to echo thunders of battle and the ship's scuppers to run with blood. The suspense grew intense; hushed with awe, every one on board, or on shore kept silence and waited. To the leaders on both sides the period was one of terrible anxiety; for, while neither was willing to yield, neither desired to incur the responsibility of causing war to break out between two nations at sea.

Five minutes yet remained, when a boat was seen to leave the Hussar with an officer bearing a message to Captain Ingraham. Lightly he sprang aboard the St. Louis, and touching his gold embroidered cap to the American captain, asked the favor of ten minutes longer in which to consider the demand for the release of Kozta. As this request clearly showed that the Austrians were wavering in their purpose, it was granted, with the statement that the respite was final, and the St. Louis would surely open fire if the captive were not on the deck of the American ship, under the protection of the American flag, at ten minutes past four. Only two minutes of the time allowed remained when the boat of the Hussar ranged again by the side of the St. Louis, and Martin Kozta trod her deck a free man once more. For Americans, it was a moment of fierce exultation and triumph; for Austrians, of dreadful mortification and rage, when the crowds on shore gave vent to their pent up feelings by long and loud huzzas which rang far over the bay.

When Captain Ingraham landed again toward evening, the eager throngs pressed forward to greet him; they carried him on their shoulders to the American consulate, and left him there only after repeated cheers. The governor of Smyrna invited him and his officers to the government house, and the chief merchants of Smyrna tendered them a banquet. It was a proud day for our navy; prouder still because Mr. Marcy, the secretary of state, approved the course of Captain Ingraham, and sustained the policy Captain Ingraham laid down by his action.

JIM LARKIN'S ADVENTURE.

By William Hurd Hillier.

At first sight it must be confessed that Jim Larkin made an appearance rather unfavorable than otherwise, for one only saw a very freckled, tow-headed boy of twelve with a broad, high forehead and honest blue eyes; but it was after you had known him awhile that you began to appreciate what a remarkable boy he was.

You see, in common with other great minds, Jim lived on a farm, though considered a fine place to raise a boy on, is not the most favorable in the world to scientific pursuits, especially when one has a very practical and densely ignorant grandfather to contend with. This was how it was: When Jim's parents died he was only a mere baby, so Grandma and Grandpa Larkin very kindly offered to bring him up. Now grandpa never had the least notion of Jim's being anything but a farmer; in fact, it never occurred to him that anything else was possible; but Jim appeared to think otherwise.

He had not had, and was not expected to have, a more liberal education than the village school, irregularly attended, could afford, but some intellects are not to be blocked even by ignorance.

As good (or bad?) luck would have it, there was, in the patent outside of the village paper, a column devoted to scientific miscellany. As soon as he could read Jim pounced on this by a singular intuition, and though almost half the words were nearly or quite unintelligible, he devoured them with eager interest, understanding what he could and speculating on what he couldn't.

It was not long before they began to take effect. First, he bored a hole in the front door, trying to make a camera obscura; then he ruined grandpa's saw in vainly endeavoring to make it cut through a nail, like the circular saws, and finally poisoned and killed six of grandpa's chickens by giving them chloride of sodium, which he had just found out to be common table salt.

In all his pranks grandpa was far more lenient towards his well-intended but sadly unfortunate "experiments" than was grandpa, but she could not justly be blamed for not a little righteous indignation at the killing of her precious chickens.

Somewhat appalled by these disasters (more particularly by their consequences, perhaps) Jim's ingenuity took a tack in a

milder direction. At this time grandpa, realizing that Jim must experiment in some way, wisely gave him the old tool chest in the garret, to which he was to have unlimited access, "to keep him out of mischief," as she explained to grandpa, who muttered something about "courage" all sorts of fool notions," but beyond stipulating that he wouldn't be "idle 'bout the chores" made no objection.

As for Jim, his joy at this arrangement was more inward than otherwise; instead of executing a few violent bodily gymnastic feats, as he was at first tempted to do, he went through their mental equivalents; less free and characteristic perhaps, but equally as violent. In other words, he sat down and took a good think.

For ever since he had gone down to Uncle Jacob's mill (a memorable day about two months before) Jim's active mind had been working on a thought—something that grew and grew, until he was quite overwhelmed by its greatness—and it was fast becoming a definite, compact idea.

So he thought and thought and scribbled away at a piece of paper and whittled away at pieces of wood, and what he was working at we soon shall see.

About two weeks after Jim had obtained his tool chest it was rumored in the neighborhood that a great event was happening—that men with chains and wonderful instruments and brightly-painted poles had been seen not far from the Green spring, and there was a deeper and more impalpable rumor that these men were building a railway, but the reason for their presence and strange behavior was the source of much uncertain speculation.

To Jim this was, perhaps, the best thing that could have happened, for he had never but once seen a railway, and that was so long before that his recollection was dim at best.

So in company with a few other daring spirits, Jim obtained permission to go down to the Green spring on a tour of investigation.

Having arrived at the point of interest, Jim's wonderful luck still continued, for the surveyor immediately singled him out as just the chap to assist in scientific work, and truly he could not have found a more willing, obedient pupil and slave than the one whose earnest eyes watched his every movement with absorbing interest, while their owner held poles, reeled tape lines or stood patiently near.

For a while Jim very quietly did as he was told, saying nothing, but thinking much. At last he could hold in no longer. One question followed another, until the surveyor would have been ordinarily worn out, and cut the interview with a curt remark, but Jim's apparent earnestness, and really not ordinary knowledge, amused rather than angered him, and so in time Jim and the surveyor became very good friends, though they had known each other but an hour or two.

And so it happened that the surveyor went to Grandpa Larkin's to dinner, where, in a burst of confidence, Jim revealed the idea which he had formulated—that he had invented something! This was its substance: While looking at Uncle Jacob's mill it had occurred to him what a great thing it would be if some arrangement could be effected by which the wheel would run without using water or steam or animal power. In other words, something that, when once started, would never run down!

And after much thought and calculation he had actually planned, drawn and was constructing a working model of said machine; in proof of which he drew from his pocket a neatly folded piece of paper, on which was carefully drawn this specification.

When the surveyor saw this he was at first inclined to smile, but he didn't. Instead, his face was unusually serious—serious with wonder and amazement—as Jim excitedly explained his plan.

"You see, sir, this here thing (pointing to the left hand lever) it's heavier'n this one on this side, 'cause it's got lever power. Now when it gits round there it'll turn over jes' like this one 'cause they're on pivots. An' so yer see, the weight of those left levers, bein' at as they're always heavier'n those on the right, will keep pullin' the wheel over that way an' it'll run 'till it wears out."

At the end of this lucid explanation the surveyor was on the verge of frankly explaining that the apparatus was worthless; but he could not bear to dispel such confident, earnest enthusiasm; he only said:

"Where is your model?"

"Oh, it's out in the woodshed. It ain't done yet. But," he added in a confidential whisper, "don't let grandpa know. He'd break it all to pieces."

"When will it be done?"

"I can't tell, sir; it's 'most done, all except the levers."

"I tell you what," said the surveyor, drawing a card from his pocket, "you write to me when it's done. Here's my address. I won't stay after dinner."

And just then the dinner bell rang, so there was no time to see the model.

In a week or two Jim posted a letter. It is given verbatim et literatim:

"Dear Mr. Wilson it didn't work I speck it needed oilin. I was tryin to git some when grandpa found me Out Its all kiplin would now. Your true fren Jim Larkin."

And shortly came the following reply:

"Mr. James Larkin.—Dear Sir: Don't worry about the wheel. I have been talking to Mr. Reese, the superintendent, and he says you are too good to lose. He thinks he can find a position for you. Come to St. Louis tomorrow to see about it. Yours truly,

DAVID R. WILSON."

Jim now holds the position of office boy under Mr. Reed; he attends a night school, where he is rapidly learning mechanical drawing and belles letters and mathematics, and is nearly fifteen. So Jim Larkin didn't invent perpetual motion after all, but he may yet invent something better!

Winding Itself Up.

It was the first time that Johnny had ever heard a guinea hen. "Oh, Ha!" he shouted, "come and hear this chicken awinding itself up."

Tit-Bits: A caller mentioned that a neighbor had been obliged to shoot his dog because it had grown old and cross. After he had gone little Edith, who had been very quiet since the dog had been spoken of, surprised her mother by asking: "Mama, when do you think papa will shoot Aunt Sarah?"

THE "BROWNIE" MAN.

There are few children in the country who have not become well acquainted with the Brownies in the last few years. Several of the papers and magazines published especially for children have printed from time to time charming verses about them, telling about their pranks and their kind deeds, and illustrated with many curious and amusing pictures of the funny little folks; and these articles have been gathered and printed in books, which have been very widely circulated all over the country. But probably a great many children have but little idea of the man who has written these verses and made these pictures. When we read and enjoy what a person writes we all like to know something about him; we like to feel that we are acquainted with him, if we saw him, and would know him. So The Picayune thought it would be a good plan to show its Lilliputs a picture of the Brownie man, and tell them something about him. It wrote to him and asked him for his picture, and he kindly sent it. Here it is. The gentleman's name every reader of the Brownie rhymes



Mr. Palmer Cox.

knows. It is Palmer Cox; and he was born in the town of Granby, province of Quebec, Canada, about forty-four years ago. Mr. Cox, when he was young, did not know that he was a poet and an artist, but he was all the same. Poets and artists have to be born so, and he was. When he was a little boy, living far up in the northern part of Canada, he had for a neighbor an old Scotch woman, who knew all the queer stories that the country people of Scotland love to tell one another during the long winter evenings, and she liked to talk to the little boy, and he loved to sit with her, and to hear her tell tales of doings of the Brownies, and such like mysterious people. The stories took hold of his poetic imagination, and he used to think about them a good deal, and wish that he could see the Brownies; and he would make pictures of what he thought they were like on his slate at school, when he ought to have been studying his lessons. He studied his lessons too, however, and when he became a man he became an engineer and went to California to work at his business. But a poet cannot help writing poetry, nor an artist help making pictures, any more than a mockingbird can help singing; and when he was not too busy at something else Mr. Cox wrote verses and made pictures, which the papers were glad to print. His writing and his drawing were so good that the papers and magazines kept asking him for more. So finally he gave up his other business and moved to New York, where he devoted all his time to drawing and writing. That was about twenty years ago, but it was some time after that before he made his first pictures of Brownies to be printed. It came about in this way: A man was going to print a primer for little children to learn to read out of, and he asked Mr. Cox if he could not make some pictures for it—something that would please the little children, and be different from other such books. Mr. Cox said that he thought he could, and he made a Brownie alphabet, with the Brownies holding up each letter. Those were the first Brownies in print, and they pleased the children that saw them so much that Mr. Cox began to write verses about the Brownies, with pictures of them, and send them to St. Nicholas and other magazines for children. Since then he has written a great many of them, and the children have been delighted with them all.

Mr. Cox has often been asked to draw pictures and write verses for grown-up people to read, but he says that he doesn't think that he could if he tried. He says that he might make pictures of people and call them men and women, but he is sure that they would look more like Brownies than anything else. He says that he sees everything with children's eyes. That is a little odd, too. For Mr. Cox has never married and has no children of his own. Most people learn to love children by loving their own children, but Mr. Cox loves all the children, though he has none. It must be that he has never quite grown up. Some people never do. Their hearts stay young all the time, and even when outside they are wrinkled and gray-headed, and look like old men and women, in their hearts they are just boys and girls, as they were when they were little. It is certain that Mr. Cox, in spite of his big body and his great grizzled mustache, is just a boy in his heart, though he is a very wise boy. He thinks about the children all the time, and writes for them, and they enjoy everything that he writes. Mr. Cox now has written three books about the Brownies, "The Brownies: Their Book," "Another Brownie Book" and "The Brownies at Home." He has written another, that will be printed one of these days, "The Brownies Around the World." They are all of them delightful, and full of his funny pictures. Besides these he has written a delightful little drama for children to act all dressed up like Brownies, and it is just splendid. "The Brownies in Fairyland" is the name of it, and he has another Brownie play for older people called "Palmer Cox's Brownies." He has written six or seven other books besides, but other things besides Brownies. Most of them are for children, and they are all very interesting.

In May, 1914, the Port of Spain was a large Machete species very scarce, whose buds, eschews this weeks this had found it. I need not get some, with a good fifteen into a wild jump violent lashing them, making confusion. I am as soon as without trou- ues he had side. From of his sides ly tell that they alive w croaking wa soon put an left the well digest them.

To describe stealthy is v ways, it is prey are of essentially and have taken two latter aristocrats of These lords like the vultu ubers, scurry and bushes less with the enemy, nor proaches me ty, but prey knights, and pute the pas New let u the of securi long for, wh ing furious a the wires of It is not mo the corner w rug. His snu However, the open the cas the room. I the furniture up the curti downs, in fa to that corn And yet w over on the Belfast kno colla? There every one seen a snake is so great- forgets his f that I had to drive it stricting ex After m'sc However, the pauses on the other rush it now freq the box, n'y ball before touch him. Neverthe troye, the w tains the as motions of his quick for his

How does mains quiet finally count in a estab These probi male are ve I busily cha

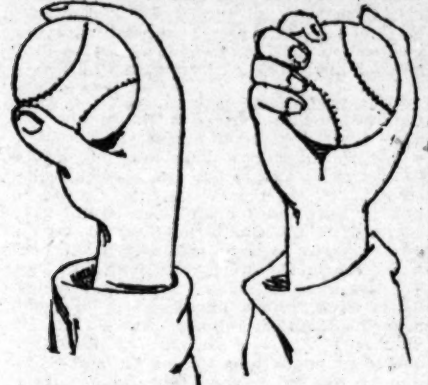
SCIENCE OF CURVES.

Pitchers Must Master It to Be Useful to Their Teams.

It is pretty generally admitted that the pitcher is the most important player on the diamond. To be a good pitcher requires not only perfect control of the ball in all methods of its straight delivery, but the ability to toss in the puzzling curves which lead to so many strike-outs.

Arthur Cummings, of the old Star team, of Brooklyn, was the first ball player to make practical use of the curve. He experimented and practiced for a long time before he could explain the apparent anomaly of a ball thrown from the hand changing its direction horizontally during the course of its flight.

Scientists have formed many theories trying to explain why this is so. The one generally accepted as correct is simple. If one side of a ball can be made to pass through the air with greater rapidity than the other side there is greater friction produced by the atmosphere on the side moving most rapidly. This retarding effect drags the ball to one side and produces the



Out Curve Position. In Curve Position.

so-called curve. To curve a ball, therefore, it is only necessary to make one side travel faster than the other. This is accomplished by twisting the hand sharply at the moment of delivery, allowing the ball to roll off the fingers instead of being released from all points at the same moment.

To produce the in-curve, says a writer in The New York World, grasp the ball firmly between the thumb and first two fingers, the remaining fingers being doubled in the hand. Throw the ball at a height equal to the shoulder. At the instant of releasing it from the hand twist the fingers sharply toward the body, allowing the ball to roll off their ends. The firm hold on the ball in throwing this "shoot" permits of both greater speed and greater accuracy than in almost any other delivery.

For the out-curve secure the ball in the hand by pressing it firmly between the fingers and base of the thumb. In delivering the ball to the batsman throw the arm forward midway between the shoulder and waist, the palm of the hand up. At the moment of releasing the ball turn or twist the hand quickly to the left, allowing the ball to roll off the side of the first finger.

Although this is the easiest of all curves to pitch, it is most difficult to control. Only practice will make perfect in this. As great speed as possible should be used, for a swift ball, changing direction only a few feet from the batsman, is much more difficult to hit than one traveling slowly and curving half a dozen yards from the home plate.

For an upshoot the ball is grasped in the same manner as for the in-curve. In throwing, however, the hand is brought down, palm forward, perpendicularly in front of the body, the ball rolling off the end of the

The in Curve. The out Curve.

fingers as the hand is twisted suddenly downward.

Very few but professional players ever master the drop curve. Almost all amateurs throw instead the "out drop," which as its name indicates, is a curve half way between the out and the drop. This is not at all difficult to pitch. The ball is grasped as for the out curve, but in throwing the hand passes diagonally across the body from a little above the right shoulder to about the height of the belt on the left side. The ball is released when directly in front of the home plate.

In the true drop curve the hand travels perpendicularly in front of and the palm toward the body. It is very difficult to give sufficient speed to a ball thrown in this manner. It is the lack of force which makes the drop curve so difficult for amateurs to master.

There are variations on the regular up, down, in and out shoots which are wonderfully effective when learned. The "up-out" is such a one. In principle it is the same as the "out." In delivering the ball, however, the hand is brought from low down on the right side diagonally upward across the body.

A combination of the drop and the in-

shoot is the most difficult curve of any that a batsman has to face. In fact, if the ball is well placed, it is practically impossible for him to touch it. This curve is thrown much the same as the drop, save that the hand is brought from over the left shoulder diagonally toward the right leg.

After endeavoring to tempt a batsman with various curves, a straight ball thrown with great speed is sometimes very effective. Professional pitchers find, also, that changing their position in the box from one side to the other, from the rear to the front or from the center to one of the sides, will often produce a good result.

There should be a thorough understanding between pitcher and catcher, and a set of signals which each may use to tell the other what kind of ball—straight or curved, high or low—should follow. The pitcher should practice constantly in order to retain control of the ball. This control and ability to place the sphere wherever wanted is three-fourths of the battle.

Baseball Notes.

Don't try to continue playing when you have a stone bruise; it is better to lay off for a few days and let it heal up, than to continue playing until it gets in such a bad condition that you must quit for the season.

Don't wear a glove on the hand that you throw with; even catchers have given that up.

Don't tell your captain how to place the men unless he asks your opinion; he will ask it, of course, if he has sense, and if he hasn't, there is no use talking to him.

Don't think about your new suit if the coacher tells you to slide, and don't even stop to have the base line swept, but obey orders.

Don't try to slide fifteen feet, or even ten; a short slide will lose less time and accomplish the same purpose.

Don't look at the catcher as you run to second base; sprint for all you are worth, and listen for the coacher's direction.

Don't slide bases with your sleeves rolled up; a painful bruise or cut may result.

Don't "think" there are three men out, and leave your base; wait until you are positive.

Don't think that sliding head first is dangerous; it is not nearly as likely to hurt either yourself or the baseman as the other way.

Don't slide simply to reach a base quickly; the object in sliding is to get most of your body out of the base line, and where you cannot be touched by the ball, but still to be able to reach the base with your hand.

Don't think that effective pitching is in any way allied to contortion or high kicking; the most useful pitcher is the one who makes the least effort.

Don't waste a ball or two because you have pitched two strikes to the batsman; pitch your best all the time, you will have enough work to do in nine innings without any fancy twirling.

Don't get excited and leave the box on a blocked ball; it is the only place where you are needed.

Don't get careless because there are two men out in the ninth inning and your side is ahead; many a game has been saved at this critical moment.

BRAVERY HALF THE BATTLE.

William Goat's Nimble Wit Proved Too Much for Leo.

From St. Nicholas.

There was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a lion; and soon the goat heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" and when the lion came in he found the goat calmly stroking his beard.

"How very lucky!" exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping half way, "for me you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William; "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing!" answered the lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the goat. "But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying he lowered his head and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance than he started off, too, but in another direction. Meanwhile Leo met a jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me and we will quickly make an end of him." So they turned back toward the cave, and, soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make believe harder than ever, or all is lost." Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, Jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright, and once more he took to his paws toward the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain, and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.

A MEMORABLE SERENADE.

For The Constitution Junior.

I wonder if there is a boy in America who has never been serenaded? I doubt it.

I have been to several, all more or less interesting, but I am thinking now of one which made a lasting impression upon my youthful mind, which seems to linger as vividly as though it happened but yesterday.

This particular serenade had been talked up quietly among we youngsters at school for two weeks.

Friday night was the time agreed upon for the peace-disturbing event. I do not now remember what the citizens of the little village had done to merit such a visitation, but, anyhow, we were to mete it out in the shape of a tin-can serenade.

Most of the boys had interviewed their parents on the burning question as to whether or not they would enter any objections in regard to their respective participation, and had successfully pushed their claims.

But my older brother, Henry, and I had not as yet broached the subject to mother, feeling morally certain that our petition would be vetoed as soon as the case was stated.

We put it off until the very last moment. He wanted me to ask her; I was sure he could wield more influence, and persuaded him to perform the delicate duty.

It was after supper, on Friday night, and we had yet to inform mother of the object which was nearest our hearts. The family had gathered around the fireside. Father was deeply engrossed behind his paper; mother was industriously plying her knitting needle; sister was busy with her drawing, while Henry and I were endeavoring to get mother in a merry mood preparatory to "breaking the ice."

But I think she had suspected something. It is mighty hard to fool one's mother. Still, she was in a very good humor, and had laughed heartily more than once at some attempted humorous remark by Henry or myself.

I pinched Henry and told him to "go ahead." He was on the point of compliance, when mother said, glancing at the clock: "Come, boys, it is time you were in your room—it is after 8 o'clock."

That settled it. Our pleadings were in vain. She would not entertain the thought for a moment. We were unceremoniously hustled off to bed.

It is necessary to explain a little arrangement of mother's just here. Our room was directly over hers. A wire had been run up through the ceiling into our room, on our end of which was attached a tiny bell, which hung suspended over our heads. Every morning she would pull that string when we were wanted for breakfast. It worked admirably, as it never failed to wake us.

That same bell got us in trouble.

We went to our room, sorrowfully enough. I assure you. But I had made up my mind what to do. I was going serenading! At first I doubted my courage to disobey, but now—I was going! And Henry? He was willing.

We went to our room, but not to bed. We waited very quietly and patiently for mother and father to get to sleep.

About 10 o'clock we heard a low, long whistle beneath our window! That was the signal! The clans were gathering! How were we to get down without detection? We would have to pass mother's room door, which would be very dangerous! Happy thought! A large mulberry tree stood at the corner of the house, close to a window. We looked out. The boys were waiting, eager to go.

Our shoes were removed and thrown into willing hands. Then, with the agility of two squirrels, we descended into the street by way of that mulberry, and were soon performing our respective parts toward making the peaceful night hideous with our unearthly noise. I remember my "instrument" was mother's best "dish-pan," while Henry had a string of empty oyster cans suspended from his neck, which made a noise like a stampede among belled cattle. The other "musicians" were similarly supplied. Altogether, it was the most complete band of torture that ever was or ever will be gotten together!

I will not describe the serenade. Suffice it that we disturbed the good citizens until the wee sma' hours, when we disbanded, and wended our respective ways home.

'Twas here that I began to rue the step we had taken. What if mother knew we were out? Suppose she was awake when we left the house and was even then awaiting our return? And could we get back into our room by way of that tree?

Henry didn't know, but he said we would be found making a desperate effort in that direction. I seized upon the idea that if we could get one of the boys to come home with us that it might be the means of saving the chastisement that I knew we deserved and would surely get if mother had an inkling of our escapade.

So I invited Ben Daniel and he accepted. I breathed easier, as I felt he would be a protection to both of us.

We got back to our room, after much trouble, about 3 o'clock in the morning, feeling as guilty and mean as it was possible for two sinners to feel, I guess.

We were very tired, and were sound asleep almost as soon as we got in bed. Ben Daniel slept in the middle; Henry was in front, while I occupied the side next the wall.

Now, then, about that bell.

Mother didn't pull the string the next morning! And thereby hangs the tale! I always thought Henry could hullo louder and squall "Lordy!" faster than any boy I ever knew before or since, while dancing under the smarting switch as applied by mother's precious hand. I am satisfied that on this particular occasion he surpassed even himself.

The sun was streaming through the window when I was suddenly startled by that familiar exclamation: "Lordy! Lordy!"

I knew in an instant what was the matter.

"Lordy! Lordy! I never will do it again, mamma! I never will do it again!" That was Henry!

He was catching it!

Ben awoke with a start, just in time to

save himself from the uplifted switch, mother mistaking him for me.

In the meantime, while Henry was yelling like a Comanche chief, I was making hurried arrangements to don my clothes. I had reached the interesting stage of having one leg thrust through my pants, and was nervously endeavoring to get the other one through, when I was given a cut from behind, which caused me to lose my equilibrium, and I went rolling out into the hall, yelling at the top of my musical voice.

The ridiculousness of the situation was too much for mother, and instead of following up that one stroke with several others, she burst out laughing, the sound of which I am satisfied was never sweeter in my ears.

But the worst was yet to come:

Father was a newspaper man, and the next morning, imagine our surprise and mortification to see the following notice, which appeared in a conspicuous place, under appropriate headlines:

"The good citizens of the town were no doubt greatly annoyed last night by the serenade given under the auspices of the 'tippan' brigade." We desire to apologize to all those who were so unfortunate as to be among the number visited for the part our two 'hopefuls' took in the affair by the announcement that they waked up this morning under a 'shower of mulberry sprouts,' which will doubtless have the effect of making them remain in doors the next time a serenade is on tap."

And he was exactly right. It was a month after that before I went on the streets again, as the young men were merciless in their fun-making at the "mulberry bath" to which the editor's two "hopefuls" were treated the next morning.

I never went serenading again.

J. M. BARRON.

A Ten-Year-Old Life Saver.

It is not usual to hear of a ten-year-old girl saving the life of a woman, but that is just what happened during the summer on the coast of Georgia. And it was done more by presence of mind than sheer strength.

At a summer resort called the Isle of Hope, near Savannah, lives a group of people who prefer to spend the hot season among the rice fields and the watermelons in good old-fashioned southern style than to go to more fashionable places.

This resort is called the Isle of Hope, because the legend runs that in this spot is buried all the booty of Captain Kidd. Even to this day there may be seen groups of negroes shoveling up the ground in the dead of night, the scene lighted by fat wood torches stuck in the ground, all of the negroes chanting a weird melody, as they hunt for the buried money of the famous old pirate.

Off to the right of these grounds are bathing houses. Here every afternoon the people who live on the island gather to go in swimming. The water in the bath houses proper is not very deep, but all the good swimmers go over the wooden bars



that separate the inclosed space from the open sea. Out there it is something over twenty feet deep, and in high tide the water is on a level with the top bar.

Among the good swimmers on the Isle of Hope is Amulette Robinson. True, she was only ten years old, but her want of fear and strong little arms had carried her where many older girls hesitated to go.

So Mrs. Gordon, who was the guest of Amulette's mother, suggested that the little girl and herself should go for a morning swim, as the afternoon hours saw the bathhouse crowded with people.

Mrs. Gordon insisted upon going outside the bars. That was the first bit of trouble. Amulette told her how strong the undertow was out there, but being confident that her strength would carry her through, Mrs. Gordon went. Amulette had finished her swim and was coming out when she heard Mrs. Gordon's cry for help. She turned and saw that her companion was going down outside the bars. To cross the bath house was Amulette's first act, but this took her wind entirely away from her, as the water was over her head the entire distance, and when she reached the dividing bars she knew she didn't have strength enough to reach Mrs. Gordon, who was her body's length away. Even if she reached her what good would it do? Her slight frame would never support Mrs. Gordon's and both would drown instead of one.

Amulette's mind, however, was acting very much quicker than it takes me to write. She realized these things in a twinkling, and as Mrs. Gordon rose the second time with a frantic cry for help, Amulette had swung herself over the bars, caught the top one tightly by both hands and extended her body, feet foremost, toward Mrs. Gordon, shouting to her to catch on to her feet. This Mrs. Gordon did, and Amulette pulled her up to the bars. There they clung until Amulette gathered up her strength and "towed" her friend in the same manner across the intervening deep water to the bathhouse. That night she was the heroine of the island. Her mother and father cried over her, Captain Gordon, who came down from business in Savannah, promised her anything she wanted, and all the negroes on the island crowded up to the back door steps to see "Miss Amulette."

On her birthday, which has just passed, came a lovely silver dressing case for her from the Gordons, and on it were the words: "To Amulette Robinson, the ten-year-old life saver, for bravery on the 5th of August."

HALLMARK.

WE WILL NOT BE OPEN UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING.

WE ARE PREPARING FOR A GREAT SALE! A WONDERFUL SALE, A SLASHING SALE.

And We Shall Endeavor to Make It the Sale of Sales. A Great Day Monday! That's What We Anticipate. Read the Following Offers and be Convinced. Our Untiring Efforts to Retail Clothing at Wholesale Prices.

Men's Pants Department.

SPECIAL

Commencing Monday morning at 9 o'clock, (not before) we offer you

One lot Pants 918 pairs at 49c.
One lot Pants 674 pairs at 79c.
One lot Pants 498 pairs at 98c.
One lot Pants 416 pairs at \$1.23.
One lot Pants 414 pairs at \$1.38.
One lot Pants 397 pairs at \$1.48.

These Goods are wondrous values and are worthy your attention.

EXTRA SPECIAL. Nearly 426 pairs of Black Clay Worsted Pants, an accumulation of every conceivable size, caused by selling the Coats and Vests. We offer them as follows:
The \$5.00 kind at \$2.98.
The \$6.50 kind at \$3.98.
The \$7.50 kind at \$4.98.

BE SURE TO ASK TO SEE THEM.

What \$5.00 Will Buy

An all Wool Black Cheviot Suit, Well made, Splendid Lining, Perfect fitting Sack or Cutaway. In addition To this Bargain We added Balance of Our \$12 Suits To go at

\$5.00

What \$7.89 Will Buy

Takes choice Of Suits That would Be cheap at \$18.00. Sack or Cutaway. The fabrics are Tweeds, Cassimeres, Worsted, Cheviots, etc. The Suits Are plenty Heavy to Carry you Through the Winter.

What \$8.50 Will Buy

An excellent Business or Dress Suit In unfinished Worsted, Blue or black: A Clay Worsted Sack or Cutaway Selects the Neatest Pin Checks, The daintiest Weaves. Suits classed Regularly At \$20, Choice at

\$8.50

What \$9.72 will Buy

All our Former Suits, Ranging From \$22.50 up, Go in this Sale. This grand Fact is Only for Monday. This is the Most Liberal Sale Ever Offered.

Youths' Suits.

14 TO 18.

SPECIAL:

ALL OF OUR FORMER SUITS NOW

\$3.98

CHOICE OF OUR \$10, \$12 AND \$15 YOUTH SUITS AT

\$5.00

Boys' Suits.

4 TO 15 KNEE PANTS SUITS.

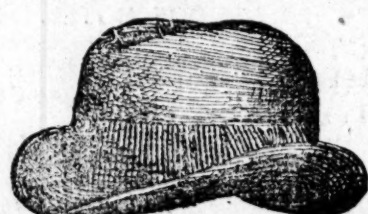
SPECIAL:

192 Suits at 48c
167 Suits at 98c
168 Suits at \$1.48
149 Suits at \$1.98
123 Suits at \$2.48

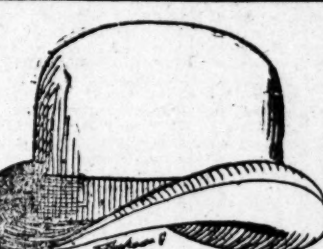
These goods are excellent values, and are sure to save mothers many dollars.

MEN'S HATS \$2.50 and \$3.00 98c Each!

AND NOT LAST SEASON'S FASHIONS, either—"not a bit of it"—but all



New Fall Styles, Just received from the most Renowned Manufacturers of the country. They have Silk Bands and Bindings, lined with satin, made by expert artisans, while the shapes are the most stylish known to fashion. You get choice of styles (either Derby or Soft Flange, as shown in cuts) for only

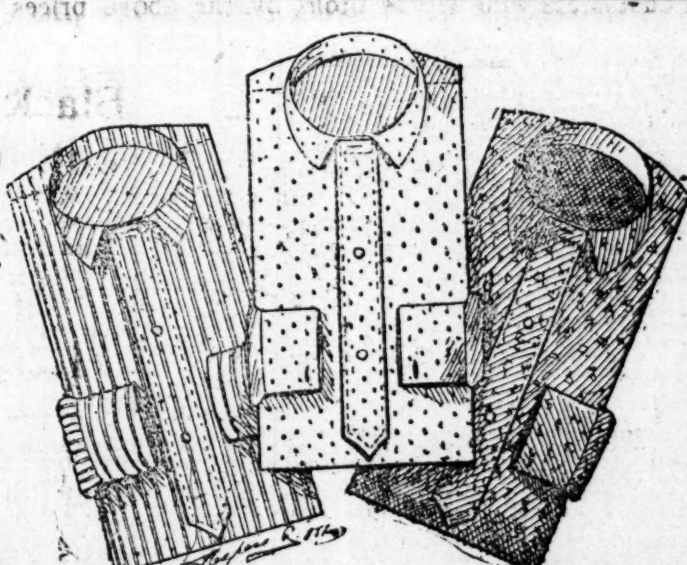


98c Each.

WE OFFER 1,000 NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, Any Size or Pattern, Of the one-dollar kind, At 48c Each.



SILK HATS, The Latest Fall Block, WORTH \$6.00, Our Price \$3.98



BIG SALE OF Umbrellas and Canes

You can buy tomorrow the Greatest Bargains in Umbrellas ever offered in this city; the goods are all first-class, costing from \$1.00 to \$1.25, and you can have your CHOICE OF THE LOT At 59c.

Another lovely line crooks straight handles, worth \$2.00, At 79c.

Another lot, worth \$3.00, At \$1.38.

Another lot, worth \$3.50, At \$1.69.

Another lot, worth \$5.00, At \$1.98.

K. OF P. EMBLEM CANES, TWO STYLES 48c and 74c TWO STYLES ANOTHER LINE OF MATCHLESS CONGO CANES AT 25 AND 48c!

SCHOOL PANTS.

Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 10c
Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 19c
Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 25c
Knee Pants, 4 to 15, at 29c
Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 38c
Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 48c
Knee Pants, 4 to 14, at 73c



Now Is Your Time to Buy Footwear FOR PRESENT AND FUTURE USE.

Now is the time when you can

Save from 25 to 50 Per Cent

On every purchase of Shoes made here. Special attention is invited to our quotations on

SCHOOL SHOES

FOR BOYS, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Boys' and Youths'.

Boys' School Shoes, Lace and Button, London toes with tips, sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2; all solid Leather. Worth \$1.75. Clearing price..... \$1.48

Boys' Calf School Shoe, Lace and Button; regular \$2.50 quality; sizes 2 1/2 to 5 1/2; London-tipped toes and plain. Clearing price..... \$1.98

Youths' School Shoes, Lace and Button; this season's goods. Regular price \$1.50. Clearing price..... \$1.23

Youths' Calf School Shoes, Lace and Button, neat shaped toes, tipped. Sold usually at \$1.50, sizes 11 to 2. Clearing price..... 98c

Misses' and Children's

Misses' Genuine Dongola Kid Button Shoes, Spring Heels, Patent Leather Tipped toes; sizes 11 to 2. Usual price \$1.50. Clearing price..... 98c

All our \$1.50 lines of Misses' Tan and Black Oxfords, sizes 11 to 2, all widths, go in this clearing sale at..... \$1.23

Misses' School Shoes, Pebble Goat Spring Heel, with tips; sizes 12 to 2. Never sold less than \$1.50. Clearing price..... 98c

Children's Tan and Black Dongola Oxfords, Spring Heels, this season's styles; sizes 8 to 10 1/2. Regular \$1.05. Clearing price..... 98c

Children's Genuine Dongola Kid Button Cloth Top Shoes, Patent Leather Tips, Spring Heels; sizes 8 1/2 to 10 1/2. Regular \$1.00. Clearing price..... 69c

Men's Shoes.

Men's Solid Leather Lace and Congress; neat shapes; all sizes. Regular price \$1.75. Clearing price..... \$1.23

Calf Goodyear Sewed Lace Shoes, Tipped Toes; all sizes. Regular \$3.00 grade. Clearing price..... \$2.73

F. H. & Co's. best Calf Goodyear Welt Shoes, all styles of toes, Plain or Tipped; all sizes and widths. Never sold less than \$5.00. Clearing price..... \$3.98

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Genuine Dongola Kid Button Shoes; Opera and Square Toes; Patent Leather Tips. Regular price, \$1.50. Clearing price..... \$1.23

Fine Dongola Kid Button Shoes; Opera and Square Toes; all sizes and widths. Regular \$2.50 grade. Clearing price..... \$1.98

Fine Dongola Kid Turn Sole Button Shoes; Patent Leather Tips; all sizes. Regular \$3.50 and \$3.00. Clearing price..... \$2.48

Ladies' Kid and Cloth Top Oxford; Patent Tip, Opera Toe. Regular \$1.50. Monday price..... 98c

Write for what you want and we will make it our business to see that you get it promptly. One important branch of our establishment is devoted entirely to filling orders received by mail. It is an easy way to shop. Every letter answered the day received. Send for samples.



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THAT We Will Not Open UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING.

REMEMBER:

WE OPEN AT 9 O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING.

The Boston Garter



THE REGULAR 50c Kind at 38c THE GLOBE GARTER 25c

PART 2

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NO DIVINE RIGHT.

William's Subjects Criticize Him For His Latest Speech.

HOLD THE EMPEROR RESPONSIBLE

That is They Think They Do. But

COMMENTS FROM THE PAPERS

**Taking Him to Task for His Speech
at Koenigsberg.**

The divine right of kings is discussed the whole length and breadth of the empire and every editor is expressing his opinion as to what may or may not be done "by

criticism. The Frankfurter Zeitung says: "Although declaring the king's divine right to do anything with responsibility to God alone, the emperor freely repeats his pre-

The Vorwarts, organ of the "social dem-

"We admit the substantial accuracy of the ivy and oak allegory," it says. "The ivy sucks the life from the tree and kills it by degrees. So the aristocrats have often drained the vitality from monarchy to save it."

After mentioning several skeletons of the conservative family. The Vorwaerts

"Who," it asks, "are these parties of the revolution? Whom are the nobility summoned to resist? Social democrats do not know the answer to these questions and they

The Koelnische Volks Zeitung, organ of the Rheneland Catholics, makes this comment:

although not denying his willingness to concede certain agrarian forms."

"The Keolnische Zeitung, national liberal is delighted with the rebuke administered to the east Prussian land owners."

dress a warning to the east Prussian nobility. The speech ought to settle the agrarian opposition and convince the conservative land owners who have been affecting the guise of loyalty that the emperor felt that they were disloyal to him and his throne.

The writer contends that none of the emperor's remarks need be understood as precluding another era of socialist laws.

says:
"From the leaders of the Prussian conservatives one may now expect at least clear answers to clear questions. Upon their decision depends the further development

for the national liberal leader, Rudolf von Bennigsen, hears that the emperor has adopted the last means at his command to bring back the conservative nobility to the crown. If his words prove ineffectual, it says, the breach will become irreparable.

has undoubtedly made their own hearts bleed. They can remain the ivy which richly ornaments and protects the oak only on the condition, that with the heritage of their ancestors, they continue to furnish the

The emperor reviewed the seventeenth army corps, which is manuevering against the first. After the march past, they proceeded to Marienburg, where the emperor presided at a banquet in the old castle. The emperor

to keep their weapons as did the knights of old in Marienburg. The emperor passed the night in Schlobitten with Count Dobna. The empress had returned early in the day to Koenigsberg, which place she left this morning for Potsdam.

of the first army corps against the seventeenth will be executed between Elbing and Eraunsberg on the 10th, 11th and 12th. The maneuvers will close with a naval review at Swineburn. The emperor will watch

CARRIED OFF THE COW.
It Was Caught on an Engine's Pilot.
A Fair in Worth.

Some one between this city and Montgomery is short a fine Jersey cow, the loss of which may be hard to account for but which is explained by the fact that the cannon ball train coming into this city

Hon. Thomas E. Watson is booked for a speech in this city on September 18th. There is but a handful of third party peo-

county fair, at Poulon, on September 10th, 11th and 12th. Worth is one of the best agricultural counties in this section and the fair promises to be the best the county has ever had.

**A Populist and Democrats Get Into a
Scrap—Murder at Washington.**
Washington, Ga., September 2.—(Special)

knocked in the head early this morning. He was charged with organizing negro clubs in the county. He was on the street this morning and was accused of it. He denied it. This morning...

Colonel Joe James and Judge Thomas, of Athens, addressed a large crowd here today with good effect.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Charleston, S. C., September 3.—Rev. S. B. Jones D.D. died at Spartanburg today.

ago. He was graduated from the Citadel academy in 1847. From his graduation till 1854, when he joined the South Carolina conference, he taught in the Female college in Anderson. He traveled only three

years he taught in the Cokesbury Conference school and in the Masonic Female college of that place. In 1869 he took charge of the Spartanburg Female college upon its reopening. In 1871 he was chosen president of the Cokesbury Female Mission Society.

1875 he again entered the active work. He has been for the past three years presiding elder of the Greenville district.

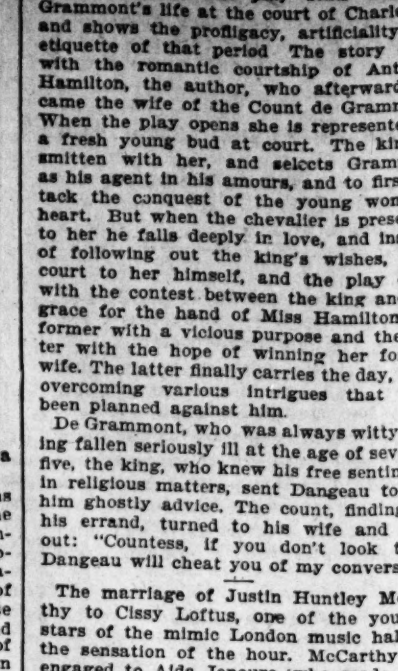
Mr. Malone Buried.

Wagoner, Co. September 2 (Herald)

at 10 o'clock. The services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. M. Wynn. The pallbearers were Duke Blackshear, Fred Bobb, David Waldron, Leighton W. Hubbard, S. D. Eltman and Brad Wal-

It was followed to the grave by the pallbearers and the relatives, friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

O. M. GAY & SON.



The marriage of Justin Huntley McCarthy to Cissy Loftus, one of the young stars of the mimic London music hall, was the sensation of the hour. McCarthy engaged to A. G. ...

[illegible]

with a mere child, about eighteen months old, who is dressed in a little blue muslin hain, giving a speciality in which mimicked all the more notable English actresses. Her performance is remarkable in its cleverness that she became a rage of London. Her popularity is increasing, and Mrs. Hopper is now on the take-off of Mrs. Hopper's success in the rehearsal of which she was coached by Rejane herself. Some years ago Mrs. Hopper was a well-known French actress, which under the title of "The Candelabra" was played in London by Charles Wyndham and American actor Woodwyn under the name of "The Nominée."

Possibly the most satisfactory part of her successes made by Della Fox in "The Little Trooper" and De Wolf Hopper in "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Little Trooper" players have made such kind of enthusiastic remarks concerning each other on their respective first nights. Hopper said to Della Fox, "You are a great actress." "This is a realistic production," said Fox. "We have real people, real noises and a beautiful set." Hopper said to Della Fox, "I am glad to hear she has made a big hit in the Casino!"

Mr. F. V. Anthonius, the well-known

matic title of The Boston Transcript, the following timely words in a recent issue of the journal: "Fascistic dramatic critics, who are wont to condemn the degradation of the stage, would have found ample material for a longer article in the Boston Transcript of last night. This old tale of the drama, whose walls have in the four hundred years of its history been the abode of actors of the English-speaking stage, on that occasion decreed by the production of a piece so wretched as to make the playgoers of the city feel that the close of the second act. Many of the persons of the drama are thieves, slugs and scoundrels, and the plot is a bridge-jumping hero is shown as a favorite rendezvous. The play, as a piece packed aside its moral vileness, is a piece of the same type as the house packed with a disorderly crowd, who, whooted, whistled and shouted at the actors, and who, in the end, were to sustain to its final drop. It is a matter for his congratulation that the piece is here but one look. The name of this piece is 'The Bowler'."

tions. I notice that Arthur has brought to recover \$30,000 damages from his former friend, Paul Latzke, for the alienation which he claims was done by him. He is the second wife of Mackaye, who is now thirty years of age. His first wife was Maud Miller, the only daughter of ex-Minister John Miller, of New York, who is still leading the life of a hermit. She used to stay at the house of Stems Mac while she was in the city. One day young Mackaye came to see her there. She had just come from the Convent of Sacred Heart, at Montreal, where she was educated. She got the impression from the conversation that he was going to be baptised. When she learned he was not she wrote to Monsignor Preston as if the marriage was valid. He said it was not.

This letter caused much comment at the time. The young woman left Mackaye after the marriage on learning this. The marriage occurred about 1876 or 1877. McCormack married Loudon McCormack, an actor and theatrical manager of Chicago, without a divorce from his first wife. Mackaye got a divorce from her in 1880, and married McCormack. McCormack deserted the wife's daughter in 1889. She played in "Land of the Midnight Sun" in this city.

Mackaye married Flora Louise Curtis Brooklyn, in 1889. He had known Latzke year before. The men lived with their families in the same place until they went to San Juan Island, and were everywhere considered the best of friends. While McCormack was at Shirley, Mass., last year, she wrote letters to him which he never loved him. He became suspicious and going to Shirley last June upbraided her, and she declares she made a full confession of her part in the matter. It was found that Latzke spirited his own child away six weeks ago. He does

Emma Calve will return to America next month, that is, she will be back in the Calve Grand Opera Company, transacting to that effect are now crossing Atlantic. That is why the celebrated pair, Emma and Enrico, will be singing at Grauman's. When she said last spring she would not sing again in the company with Enrico, she was not, as she has now announced before the curtain on closing night of the grand opera at Metropolitan opera house last season, saying that she was going to Europe, understood to mean that she would continue with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grauman. That was the purpose of her trip to Europe, was meditating the scheme of coming to America as an independent star and appearing in the company of Marie and Emma Calve, in which will be the new opera, "Carmen," "Caravaleri Rusticanna" and short opera written expressly for her and produced by Enrico. She had great success at Covent garden in June, a matter of fact that Calve made the same look as a success. She is in the office and artistic point of view, in the history of the Metropolitan opera house.

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RHODES-SNO

As soon as it is over I shall go to and shall remain in England" — The rest was cut off. A band in the top row sang "God Save the Queen." A MAN IN THE

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS

As Outlined by the Advance Men Sent by the Managers.

Lovers of farce comedy and other enjoy a hearty laugh will be treated evening of rare enjoyment Monday

[illegible]

"Down in Dixie," one of the new western plays, superbly put on the stage by Managers Davis and Keogh, will give its first presentation before an audience Wednesday night.

The play contains a series of dramatic pictures, in which a highly interesting

and same time whispering: "I love you." The direction. Three daily trains Sep-31

BUILDING MATERIAL.

SALE—Cypress shingles in carload lots delivered in any part of Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. Address Mohr Bros., 108 South Montgomery street, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

ROLLS of tan-colored Ingrains at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

POLYDAS gold and silver bronzes available by the pound for cash to close out lot at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

GLASS AND GLASS 12x18-16 boxes very cheap for cash to close out the lot at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

BALLONS of fine old Spar varnish very cheap for cash to close out the lot at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

ROLLS of gold wall paper at 10 cents per roll to close out lot, for cash at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

ATTRACTING in painting and papering work. Call promptly for location in order to close out stock regardless of color; large paint and paper stocks available. Write for full run of jobs and prices. Address R. J. Mitchell, Chicago, 114 Whitehall street.

BALLONS of good inside varnish at 15¢ per gallon for cash to close out the lot at McNeal Paint and Glass Co., 114 Whitehall street.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

ID FOR LITTLE BOOK "How to Speculate Successfully in Wheat and Stock Markets." Address: Gavan School Book Company, Hialeah building, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

R. EALE, Hialeah Building, in well-established renting business to right party, who can help rush it. Rex, cary Constitution.

KENEY AND SENSES to invest in profitable business, prefer insurance or property. Address R. S. V. P., Constitution.

ELEGANT level plate glass house, best quality, original cost \$1250, will be sold for sacrifice. Address: The office.

GORGIA HEARTY FOR SALE—\$1000. A town of 1500 inhabitants, steadily increasing population. Good schools, low taxes, business depression; has the legal advantages, which may not last long. Large advertising patronage; handsome subscription list; good money for a paper. Write for investigation to the publisher, address J. C. Ward E. Mitchell street, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

ROSENFIELD clothing stock will be sold for 16¢ Easter shirt for one week or less tomorrow. You have one more chance to get your shirts for 16¢ each again. Anything will be sold at half price. Write to investigate for sale from Thanhauser, receiver.

INTEREST IN SPLENDID paying busines can be bought very cheap, about \$1000. Success. Address: Gavan School Book sep 7-frt, sun, tue.

ID FOR LITTLE BOOK "How to Speculate Successfully in Wheat and Stock Markets," mailed free. Comstock, Hughes & Co., 254 N. Dearborn building, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

INSTRUCTION.

PERSONS IN CHINA and oil painting; materials furnished free to pupils; lessons also free to china painting pupils. Large stock of fine china and oil painting materials. Free trial lesson of lessons of oil painting with pupil; twentieth year in America. Christmas presents. W. Lyckett, 114 Whitehall street.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

SCHOOL BOOKS—Have you any accumulation of old school books for which you would like to get paid? Don't throw away! If you have a small lot, send them to us and get paid. If you have a large lot drop a line and we will call and make you a proposition. We supply dealers and schools all over the southern states and can use current editions of any school book required. Address: Gavan School Company, 254 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. 60610.

GAVAN SCHOOL BOOK COMPANY—We sell new school books at 50% off retail price. Second-hand and self-worn. Supply schools throughout the state, also furnish complete equipment. Write for our information. We are members of no cliques or combines. Our prices are lowest. Send for 25¢ per cent of our literature. Prompt attention to all orders. Write for our literature. We are members of no cliques or combines. Our prices are lowest. Send for 25¢ per cent of our literature. Prompt attention to all orders.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRON SETS AND FIELD SEEDS—Fountain sets, Yellow Danfers, Silver Sky and Red onion sets, Georgia-raised corn seed, winter wheat, clover seed, alfalfa seed, soybean seed, all new crop, famous and reliable. Write to Geo. Burchard, 114 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga. Correspondence solicited. J. C. Burchard.

BROOMS, barbershop hair, Lukin, Washington street, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

D YOU ever stop to think that extravagant waste a great deal of soap every day? You can clean and dry equal to new. Works for Barbers, hotels and schools. Address: Geo. Burchard, 114 Whitehall street, telephone 4.

CATNESS and dispatch, spot cash and commission rates for handling goods. Write for rates, Lukin St., Broad street, Chicago, Ill. 60607.

NO-SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS.

NO—Elegant instrument for cash, fifth month music. Will exchange for good horse and buggy. Fairbank's institution.

FURNITURE.

ENTIRE—New and second-hand; chairs, sofas, stoves, feathered, household and commercial furniture. Specialties in packing and repairing a specialty. Address: U. S. Broad-street.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

DRUG—Drug store, having complete prescription department, well equipped with toilet articles, perfumery, stationery, etc.; also carrying a large stock of cigars, cigarettes, complete cigar and tobacco departments, one of the most desirable commercial concerns in the city. Write for particulars satisfactory response for selling, Boston Mass. Consultation.

WANTED-Agents.

WANTED-Agents to take orders for rapidly selling ladies' toilet articles; outfit for large, posh, exclusive, Trixie Co., 23 Pickenside building, Cincinnati, Ohio. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS-Latest novel in Hitching dead invention, 63 orders taken in one day. Silsky, Quincy, Ill. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS, ATTENTION-We want you to work for us. Send name, address and references. Most wonderful seller ever introduced. Most astounding money. Almost sells itself. Attractive price. Particulars in full package and twelve samples (agents only) sent only \$1.00. Write for complete Tea Co., Washington, D. C. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-Agents-If you desire to make money sell silverware for manufacturers who guarantee satisfaction to all patrons. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalogue. Kelley, McKean, 20 Gould building, Atlanta, Ga. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-Agents everywhere for electric floor lamps. Sample can be readable in the dark; sample with any name free. Noyes Electric Co., 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. sep-2-19 sun thur

LADY MADE 89 last week selling Long's dress \$5.00 each. Why not you? Address C. C. Moore, manufacturing, 58 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS-Have you seen the latest pocket watch only \$1.00. Write for details. Price 6 cents. Herald Manufacturing Co., Elm St. New York City. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-General agents selling patented household necessity to dealers; exclusive territory; no competition; no capital required. Write for particulars. J. E. Javelly Novelty Company, 69 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS WANTED-\$1,000 will be awarded in eighty-four cash gifts for correct result of our mix up. Send your answer stamped envelope addressed to The Florence Medicine Company, St. Paul, Minn. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the latest aluminum novelties; enormous sales at all seasonable prices. Exclusive territory. Sample in velvet lined case with full information, 10 cents. Catalogue and literature free. Write for it. Agents, 33 Broadway, New York. sep-2-19 sun thur

AGENTS APPOINTED for Morey daylight burner. Enclose stamp for cut. Patent testimonials, agents' sales reports, terms, etc. Morey Manufacturing and Manufacturer, LaGrange, Ill. sep-2-19 sun thur

A FEW FIRST-CLASS agents can secure first-class territories for goods. We offer in connection with Leslie's Illustrated Weekly by applying at once to D. A. Adams & Co., 5, and 7 Gould building, Atlanta. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-Hongkong.

WANTED-Borders. Nicely furnished house with cable fare can be readable. 71 Luckie street. sep-2-19 sun thur

OCCUPANTS for very desirable, large, furnished front room with board, 21 West Market street. References. sep-2-19 sun thur

BOARDERS WANTED-Table boarders wanted at Mrs. Sams' Church street. sep-2-19 sun thur

IF PER DAY, good board, nice rooms; also room for two or three boarders. 29 Auburn avenue; very central. sep-2-19 sun thur

MRS. LUSITRA the owner of the French hotel, 117 West Market street, has a room having rented the next house, 143, will accommodate a few more boarders. All new furniture, conveniences, hot water, if unfurnished. Apply 143 Spring street. sep-2-19 sun thur

PRIVATE BOARD for select party; excellent location; comfortable; hot and cold water; references. 44 Forest avenue. sep-2-19 sun thur

PARTIES desiring good board and room for parties, call at 28 Luckie street. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-Two gentlemen or two ladies to room and board, also six select table boarders. Call at 34 Luckie. sep-2-19 sun thur

BOARDERS WANTED-Three gentlemen can get board and room nicely furnished rooms in private, refined family, desirable location, convenient to business portion; references. Inquire at 100 North Second street. sep-2-19 sun thur

WANTED-A few select boarders; large room with two beds, bath, telephone, every convenience. Apply 15 Simpson street, next corner West Peachtree. sep-2-19 sun thur

SENIOR CITIZENS desired from 18 years postoffice; parties desiring pleasant rooms and good table please call; private board-house. Inquire at 100 North Second street. sep-2-19 sun thur

A FEW BORDERS wanted at 131 Washington street. Mrs. A. Morrison. sep-3-sat-sun thur

TWO LADIES, wishing board-in quiet, well located home, near Commercial. Suite also open to anyone by finishing reference. Address H. R. care Constitution. sep-3-sat-sun thur

NICELY FURNISHED room, splendid neighborhood, quiet street, extra good board, pleasant home for two young men. Burglar proof; close up. Call at 733 West street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

BOARDERS WANTED-Large front room near downtown. Clean, comfortable, board very reasonable, at 60 W. Harris street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-Miscellaneous.

WANTED-Houses to build. Just finished at 7-10-12-14-16-18-20 Campbell street, complete and complete, for \$1,000 and others in proportion; will build houses from architecture to completion. Estimates given on monthly payments. George H. Holliday Lumbar Company, 160 Peters street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

BEST LAUNDRY doing all kinds of laundry and room mending; large stock at 31 N. Broad street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-A good strong, second-hand top built motor machine, G. T. Osborn, general agent for Georgia and Alabama, 9 East Alabama street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-Every user of typewriters to know that we are manufacturing the best quality of ribbon. Write for catalogue. Office Supply Co., 20 Gould building. sep-3-sat-sun thur

CASH PAID for old gold. A. L. Delkin Company. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANT TO know I keep all kinds of Calligraph and other writing machine supplies in stock. G. T. Osborn, general agent for Georgia and Alabama, 9 East Alabama street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-To buy second-hand typewriter. Address Cash, care Constitution. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-To rent four copies of a first-class writing machine and sells for only \$5. G. T. Osborn, general agent for Georgia and Alabama, 9 East Alabama street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-To rent form of seventy-five to one hundred and fifty acres, with privilege of buying, in first, second or third year. Must be improved, and must have good water. Rent must be reasonable for cash; within limits. Call at 100 North Second street, near railway. E. W. care Constitution. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-To trade you a new No. 9 Calligrapher's typewriter machine. G. T. Osborn, general agent for Georgia and Alabama, 9 East Alabama street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED-Customers for 500 vehicles; largest line in the south to select from; goods are the best and prices cannot be beaten by any competitors. Stearns' Wagon Co. of Georgia, 23 and 40 Walton street. sep-3-sat-sun thur

"BURKE'S OLD BOOK STORE."

THE ONLY OLD BOOK STORE in Atlanta! The oldest book store in the South! One of the world's! Established twenty years. We pay for cash books and all kinds of valuable books from small lots to the largest quantities. Third hand books, new and rarest money. 38 Marietta street, opposite opera house. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WANTED THIS WEEK-3,000 paper novels, 10 magazines-Harper's, Scribner's, Century, Popular Monthly, etc., at "Burke's Old Book Store." sep-3-sat-sun thur

NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANCE-Any person remaining in ignorance while "Burke's Old Book Store" is in operation is guilty of neglect to live. We have over 5,000 bound volumes in all classes of literature that we will sell for one per cent. of their value. sep-3-sat-sun thur

WE HAVE PURCHASED the entire edition of "The Confederacy," published by the confederacy, Atlanta, 1862, J. J. Town, publisher. "The Confederacy Antislavery," rare, scarce and interesting. This great war curiosity now obtainable. Price, 50 cents. Write for copy. sep-3-sat-sun thur

RICHES ARE LIKE a piece of carillon too large to be swallowed by the little fishes in the sea. Another, richer in one month than in another, is lost in one day. But float on only to be finally swallowed by the waves of change. It is like a bubble. Once I had a nibble, but now I am dead broke; so other people think the greatest riches is to be in position to see the greatest even seen or heard of in Atlanta at Burke's Old Book Store. sep-3-sat-sun thur

FRESH SUPPLY, new and second hand school books for public and private schools received. We can supply all at Burke's Old Book Store. sep-3-sat-sun thur

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

"TWELVE SPOT."

An inmate of that Cell Writes About
Life at the Jail.

NOT SUCH A BAD LIFE, AFTER ALL.

The Prisoners Have Plenty to Eat and
Major Thumley is Immensely in a
Cell with Marshal McDonald.

No cell in any prison has enjoyed more
majority than "twelve spot" in the Fulton
county jail.

Between its walls the most daring and
desperate prisoners have been held. Num-
erous murderers have spent their confine-
ment in it. The local columns of the
daily papers have been filled with items
concerning its inmates and now a prisoner
with a literary bent of mind has turned
his abundant leisure to account by writing
of the daily routine of life in it.

This prisoner is George E. Smith, an
electrician, a bright young fellow who was
sent to jail some weeks ago. He occupies
"twelve spot" with Herschel McDonald,
the seventeen-year-old youth who shot Mike
Fontana, and who has been imprisoned in
the county jail since. Their life, as
depicted by the literary genius of Smith,
is not half bad. They get all they want
and rather enjoy than otherwise the life
in the gloomy cell.

The literary production of Mr. Smith has
not been changed in any particular. It is
given just as it left his hands, with all its
virgin touches. As a piece of jail literature
it will bear inspection and study. Plenty
to eat and fine things to smoke furnishes
a new phase of jail life, but these Smith says,
he and his companion have in abundance.

Here is his communication without expurg-
ation or interlineation:

Life in the "Twelve Spot."

"As there has been so much said about
cell No. 12 in Fulton county jail, it may
be interesting to some to know how
Herschel McDonald and his one com-
panion pass their time in this well-known
cell."

"They have a cot apiece and everything
looks as nice and clean as if they were
in their own rooms at home.

"In the morning at 6 o'clock they are
awakened by the cook, who cries out in a
sing-song tone: 'Hate to call you, but
I have to do; white folks called me, so I
have to call you; rise up and get your 6
o'clock coffee.'"

"You 'catch' your breakfast, which con-
sists of coffee, biscuits, meat and molasses,
but of course they don't live on prison
fare alone, as they have a little gas stove
in their cell and cook such things as eggs
and fried potatoes for breakfast."

"At 7 o'clock the turnkey unlocks their
cell and they are allowed to go out into
the corridor of the jail."

"At about 8 o'clock the order boy from
the corner grocery comes up and they give
in such orders as for eggs, lemons, sugar,
candles, matches and such things as they
of course they have to have live water to
drink, as it is one of the strongest drink-
ers that they are allowed to have. Dinner
is called at 12 o'clock and the dining room
doors are thrown wide open. There also have
a good dinner of fried chicken and two
or three kinds of vegetables. Then the
boys, after eating dinner and straighten-
ing up their room, have to attend prison-
ing in the long hall, and of course they
sing as loud and with as much vim as if
they were being paid for it."

"In the afternoon they generally have
a watermelon, for if there is one thing they
do have in jail, it is enough to eat and
plenty of good cigars to smoke."

"At 4:30 o'clock the turnkey comes and
locks them in their cell. Then, after eating
supper, they while away several hours
reading and telling stories. They also sing
a great deal, for they are all good sing-
ers, and, all in all, they have the best
time of any prisoners that have been in
the jail for a long time, and they are
both confident of a free men as soon
as they have their trials."

"They are both loud in their praises of
Mr. Marola, the jailer, and his two as-
sistants, for they are treated with the
consideration that can be shown prisoners.
So you will see that the only hard part
of jail life is the confinement. Yours,"

"JOHN E. WINDLER, General Manager,
The Atlanta Lumber Company, 1000 N. W. Cor.
of Peachtree and Peachtree Streets, Atlanta, Ga."

No one knows better than those who have
used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief
they have when taken for dyspepsia, dis-
tension, pain in the side, constipation and
disordered stomach.

Down Town Office.
The Atlanta Lumber Company has rented
an office on Forsyth street, just opposite
The Constitution building, and will tomor-
row be at home to the public at that place.
Mr. Martin Amos, the manager, says he
has been needing a down town office for
a long time and has decided to open one
in order to facilitate business and to better
accommodate the people. The Atlanta
Lumber Company is one of the great finan-
cial institutions of this city and is notwith-
standing the hard times is going right
along in its manufacturing business.

S. A. L.
SEABOARD AIR-LINE SCHEDULE
IN EFFECT JULY 28, 1894.
The Atlanta Special Solid Vestibule
Train—No Extra Fare Charged.

NORTHBOUND.
Daily. Daily. Daily and Sunday. Daily. Daily.
5:30 am Lv. Atlanta. 4:40 pm 4:40 pm
6:00 am Lv. Savannah. 4:00 pm 4:00 pm
6:30 am Lv. Jacksonville. 3:30 pm 3:30 pm
7:00 am Lv. Orlando. 3:00 pm 3:00 pm
7:30 am Lv. Tampa. 2:30 pm 2:30 pm
8:00 am Lv. St. Petersburg. 2:00 pm 2:00 pm
8:30 am Lv. Clearwater. 1:30 pm 1:30 pm
9:00 am Lv. Dunedin. 1:00 pm 1:00 pm
9:30 am Lv. Port St. Joe. 12:30 pm 12:30 pm
10:00 am Lv. Port St. Joe. 12:00 pm 12:00 pm
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9:00 pm Lv. Port St. Joe. 1:00 am 1:00 am
9:30 pm Lv. Port St. Joe. 12:30 am 12:30 am
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Alderman.
 Friends of MARK L. TOLBERT are respectfully announcing him as a candidate for alderman from the north side, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOSEPH HIRSON.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for alderman from the north side, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 C. S. NORTON.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for alderman from the north side, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 O. RENEAU.

FOR COUNCIL.

From First Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the first ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 W. M. MIDDLEBROOKS.

name of T. C. MAYSON is hereby announced as a candidate for council from the first ward, subject to the action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 T. C. MAYSON.

From Second Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 T. B. NEAL.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 D. E. LUTHER.

On request of friends, Thomas J. Day is announced as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 THOMAS J. DAY.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 WILLIAM H. ANDERSON.

From Third Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the third ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 W. S. BELL.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the third ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 W. E. HULSEY.

From Fourth Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the fourth ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 W. D. SMITH.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the fourth ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 J. A. SMITH.

From Fifth Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the fifth ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 G. H. SLIMS.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the fifth ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 T. J. HOWELL.

From Sixth Ward.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the sixth ward, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOHN P. MATS.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for councilman from the sixth ward, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JAMES BANKS.

For City Tax Collector.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city tax collector, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 J. A. BANKS.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city tax collector, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 J. A. BANKS.

For City Clerk.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city clerk, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 CHAS. F. RICH.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city clerk, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOHN W. COLLIER.

For City Treasurer.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city treasurer, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 WILLIAM T. WALL.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city treasurer, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOSEPH T. ORME.

For City Marshal.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city marshal, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOHN W. HUMPHRIES.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city marshal, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
 JOHN W. HUMPHRIES.

For Commissioner of Public Works.
 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for commissioner of public works, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
 EDWARD S. McCANDLESS.

Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for commissioner of public works, subject to action of the city executive committee, to be held October 3, 1894.
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 Respectfully announce myself as a candidate for city engineer, subject to action of the city primary, to be held October 3, 1894.
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FEDIGREE VS. SAND.



1. Say, Sir, yer not goin' ter put that rooster in the chicken show are ye?



2. Why yer won't be in it! My rooster is full blooded—yer's his pedigree.



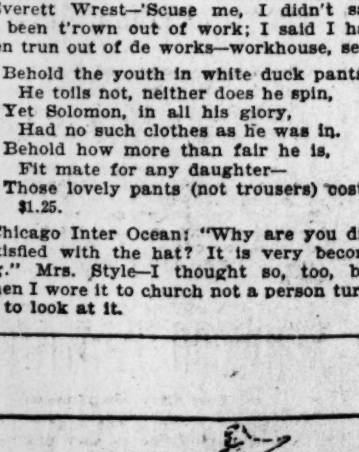
3. Only pure blood in th' state and—



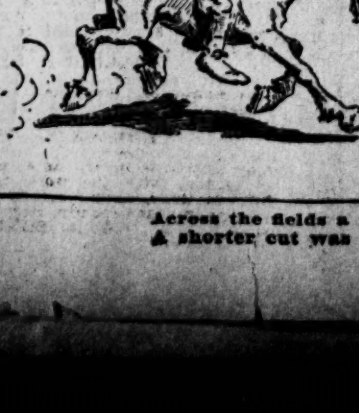
4. I'll



5. Si! Wan! say Thompson, you're mine has pedigree an' blood, but mine has sand an' don't yer forget it.



Indianapolis Journal: Mrs. Potts—You have just been thrown out of work, eh? Everett West—Scuse me, I didn't say I'd been thrown out of work; I said I had been run out of de work—workhouse, see?



Chicago Inter Ocean: "Why are you dissatisfied with the hat? It is very becoming," Mrs. Style—I thought so, too, but when I wore it to church not a person turned to look at it.

THE LAST OF ITS KIND

The Wheat Street Hayburner—A Relic of a Bygone Era.

IT IS FADED, FRAIL AND WEATHERBEATEN

It Merely Runs to Retain the Charter on That Thoroughfare—The Last Passenger.

The driver of the Wheat street car has two objects in life. The chief of these is to some day get a passenger—a real, sincere passenger, with no foolishness about him to ride on his car, and the other is to see the nice green blades that spring up like "blades of grass" along his car line, harvested into hay.

He may live to see both of these purposes accomplished. Almost any day some person may ride on the car. Only the other day, it is told, that a farmer came in from Habersham county, and tired and footsore, wandered into Jackson street. That thoroughfare led him into Wheat.

It was just at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, that quiet and peaceful hour of the poets at which the baseball cranks used to be gathered at the ball park near by, and the



ON ONE OF ITS TRIPS.

sun was shining. Just then it happened that the Wheat street car came along on its afternoon trip.

It looked like a thing to ride in. It was frail, faded and weather beaten, and the paint had cracked away from its sides, but it still had a place for a nickel. The car seemed to have nothing to worry about, and smiled along at the heels of a Georgia mule as contentedly as you please. The weary, way-worn traveler gazed upon it for a moment, a great hope springing into his heart. He would ride—

That's the end of the story. A Wheat street man who came up to tell about it says that the man would have got on the car, but just then the mule stopped to bite with the abundant grass. But those Wheat street people have a way of talking extravagantly when it comes to speaking of the Wheat street car. As a local institution they are not proud of it, and yet they are not lacking in patriotism.

It is told on Wheat street that one day—it's a tradition now—the car had two passengers. It is told boldly, although a great many people would laugh if you told them of it. The passengers were from Milton county and had come in from the farm for the day. It was Kemp Bridges and his wife, as the story goes, and they were tired with having tramped the streets all day long getting rid of their produce and buying new things at the stores. They had a raft of bundles and things, and felt like riding.

They had to go out to their cousin's on Fort street where they had left their wagon and they got on the car. Naturally, the driver was surprised, but he overcame his astonishment and kept pretty straight through the journey. Of course there was a sensation along the street, and the word went from house to house that there were passengers on the car. It was a day of days in the history of the line. It is still talked about, and the driver may be able to spin out long yarns about it. I tried to find him the other day for an interview on the subject, and I walked Wheat street from end to end looking for him, but nowhere was he to be seen.

"Just come back about 4 o'clock," I was told by a man who lived on the street, "and you'll strike it right. The car runs 'long about 4—or if you'd rather come in the morning you can strike him about 10. He just makes two trips a day."

It is interesting to talk with those Wheat street people about their car. They regard it as very distinctive and unique, if it isn't good to ride on, it's the last remaining representative of its kind, and it holds on with a persistence that is commendable.

The car is not meant to be a paying institution to compete with traffic. It is sui generis. It has peculiar habits. It likes inroads, and except at the times mentioned, when it goes out for a little ramble, it never goes out.

It is crunched in the triangle on Edgewood avenue this Wheat street car is preserved from the rain. Twice a day one of the men at the shed hitch a patient-looking mule to it and it is hauled into the open. It is dragged over the electric line along Pryor street, turning into Wheat at the Young Men's Christian Association building. There it stands its way peacefully and unostentatiously along this quiet thoroughfare. There is no unseemly haste or rush about these quiet journeys. The mule

wanders slowly along between the tracks as if he thoroughly understood it all. A more quiet scene could not be imagined. The limit of the line is reached, and with great precision and deliberation the driver reverses the mule and starts back. Thus the daily journeys are made. It is purely a matter of retaining the charter until such time as it will pay the Consolidated management to establish a good, working line on Wheat street. Now it is paralleled on either side by two good lines, and not even the people of the street feel any great need of a better system.

The Wheat street car is the last of its kind. It is a reminder of the days not so far distant in point of time, but greatly distant in point of improvements, when such cars were to be seen on all the streets. Only a short time ago Whitehall street was traversed every few minutes by such a car, and the people thought it good. But the human mind is fickle. The old faded car, short and old-fashioned, is shown no sort of respect. No one has a kind word for it, and even the driver seems as if he would like to apologize for its shabbiness.

WHY HE COULDN'T TELL HER.

A few weeks ago I was traveling through the state of Virginia over a well-known railroad. The scenery was enchanting, the road excellent, the train on time and every one in good humor. Just before dusk we pulled up at a very pretty little station near the summit of the Allegheny mountains where a carefully tended flower garden and other noticeable features gave unmistakable evidence of woman's presence. Instead of the customary stop of a moment and the conductor's hurried "All right, several minutes elapsed without any sign of moving and I thought I would take advantage of the opportunity to stretch a little. As nearly all passengers do I sauntered up towards the engine and arrived there just in time to hear the engineer remark with great earnestness: "D—n a woman anyhow." Failing to perceive the relevancy of this remark my curiosity was aroused and I asked him what particular offense the female sex had been guilty of. After taking a careful survey of me, he replied: "Well, I'll tell you. I've worked for ten years on this run and haven't had it but two months and now I'm going to lose it all on account of a darn woman."

Just then I was startled by hearing a distinctly feminine sob and turning round I discovered an extremely pretty young lady of about twenty years of age, almost distracted with grief. Addressing the engineer she said: "I'm sure I never meant to do anything. I only told you what the train dispatcher said."

Here my quizzical nature came to the surface and championing the young lady's cause I gruffly asked the knight of the throttle what he meant by acting in such a childish manner. With a mysterious air he beckoned me off to one side and said: "You see this here engine is broke down and while I can fix it all right it will take some little time. That young lady is the operator here and she said the train dispatcher wanted to know what was the matter. I and I wouldn't tell her. Then the dispatcher sends me word that if I don't tell him what's wrong with this engine that I won't have any engine to get wrong after I get in. That's all."

"Well, my friend," said I, "it seems to me you would simplify matters greatly if you would tell her and let her inform him."

"That's the hell of it, I can't," said he. "Why?" said I. "The only thing that is wrong with this engine is her petticoat is down, and I ain't going to tell that to no woman."

This was a quandary that staggered me and before I had quite rallied his face lighted up and he said: "With a mysterious air he beckoned me off to one side and said: 'Are you married?'

"I turned my pockets inside out. 'Is your wife with you?'

"I bowed assent.

"Well, say, old man, can't you get her to tell this young lady about it?"

His tone was so pathetic I agreed and while the two ladies were straightening matters out my grateful friend initiated me into the secret of an engine's wearing apparel and made me understand that an engine can no more move along with her petticoat down than any other lady. He also informed me this was the real reason they always spoke of an engine as 'she'."

THE TWO PASSENGERS.

South Boston News: Sawyer—How do you suppose Knowall amuses himself at his store since he gave up advertising? Sawyer—He give it up. How? Sawyer—By picking the flies from the fly paper and using the paper over again.

VERY SMART.

Re—Don't you think it is too cold to bathe in September? She—I'm not bathing in September; I'm bathing in the ocean.

IT DIDN'T BOTHER HIM.

Until a wall of pond-rice also, loomed up to Farmer Jones' surprise. He then at once began to kick. And so did Nancy fast and quick.

AFTER THE SEASON.

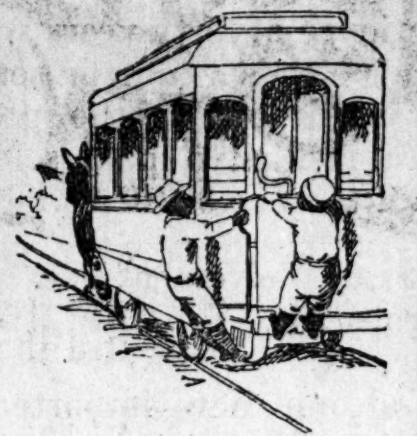
She was molded fair as a sculptor's dream. Like a young Diana, tall. Yet she never sported a bathing suit. Nor came half dressed to a ball. In short, she was woman, down to the tips of her feet, and up again. To the cupid bow of her warm red lips. Like rose leaves, after rain.

I tell you Jack, when a man's fate comes, it catches him hard and fast. I loved her—loved her! She held me off. But, I told her so at last.

We met on the beach, one starless night. And walked to the town and back. And she—she refused me—yes, me, my boy. The catch of the season, Jack.

She had given her heart to a sailor lad. For my steady sweetheart—well, Was—only a Swedish waiter girl. At the big West End hotel.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



SOME PASSENGERS.

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SMILES.

Philadelphia Record: Boy (who has lost his way)—"I say, mister, how far is it to Campdown creek?" Man (surly)—"Find out. I ain't no city directory." "No, you ain't; you're a volume of good manners, you are."

Fligende Blaetter: Judge—When you broke into the library and stole a lot of books, why did you take only the works of classical authors? Thief—Because, your honor, modern books fetch hardly any price in the market.

Harlem Life: Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss De Fashion—Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the materials myself.

Doctor—The pellets I left were to produce sleep. Did they have that effect? Patient—Yes, indeed; the nurse never wakened once during the night.

"I thought Blinkers went fishing today?" "Nope, I guess not." "Did you see him?" "Yep, and he had a string of fish."

"What made you borrow that \$5 of Grabbers when you had plenty of money with you?" "I wanted to be sure I'd meet him when we went up to the city."

"Jags never misses anything." "What's he doing now?" "Taking the Keeley cure." "Do you call that a bit of luck?" "Jupiter! think of the good times he must have had to need it."

Jack and Jill went up the hill. For water, so we hear. But the state they wandered home in Would indicate 'twas beer.

New York Weekly: First Anarchist—I am tired to life, and want to die. I go me out and kill a mayor or governor, or somebodies, so I get executed.

Second Anarchist—You dake my advice and don't kill no mayors or governors. They will take two or three years finding out if you are zane enough to hang. Shust y's drive up to Shantytown and run over a pig. Den you got shot right away.

Boston Transcript: Every small boy whose barbering is done by his mamma will readily understand why Samson lost all his pluck after Mrs. S. had given him a hair cut.

Good News: Teacher—The race is not always to the swift, but to the understanding the inner meaning of that? Bright Boy—Sometimes the head feller's tire gets punctured.

THOUGHT IT WAS DEATH.

Reporter—What's the matter with the crowd, officer? Some one killed! Officer—No. Watermelon just fell off a wagon.

INVALUABLE.

Ever Tired—Come, sit down, Billy. What's yer hurry? Billy English—Can't I see a cable from de Prince of Wales wantin' me ter come over and help him win de yacht races.

THE FUTURE VALUE OF ICE.

Jeweler—Well sir, what can I do for you? Customer—I want you to set this piece of ice in a stud for me.

THE EXACT TROUBLE.

Farson Slidebone—Gee, dat boss looks mighty po' mighty po' do wettah wit him? Gee—I dunno, pawson, but I ank it's de "hay fever."

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